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THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

THE exact attitude of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. TREVELYAN towards Mr. GLADSTONE's combined proposals of Land Purchase and Home Rule has probably been discussed by this time to the satisfaction even of political quidnuncs of the most insatiable kind. What that attitude exactly was—whether it expressed a willingness to continue with Mr. GLADSTONE if he would change his plans or an unwillingness to continue with him if he would not change them—matters very little. It is sufficient that a disruption of the Cabinet has at least been threatened, and that the members likely to fall off were by far the ablest—putting one aside—of the sadly-impoorished following with whom Mr. GLADSTONE took office for the third time. It has been triumphantly asked whether a dozen members do not remain true for the two that have fallen off. The question only marks the extraordinary ineptitude of the askers. *Ponderantur non numerantur* is never so true as in such a case. And, with the exception of Mr. MORLEY, whose honesty and ability no one doubts, but who has long been a professed Home Ruler, and therefore does not count, the last of the many Gladstonian remnants weighs woefully light. Lord SPENCER's attitude on the question nobody knows precisely, and nobody can understand it if it is an attitude of acquiescence. Such confidence as was once placed in Lord GRANVILLE's judgment has scarcely increased since his Egyptian proceedings. Of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT it is hardly necessary to speak. As for Lord RIFON, Mr. MUNDELLA, Mr. CHILDERS, and the rest, the most favourable judges take them for nothing more than respectable mediocrities, while their title even to that designation might be disputed. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is, by common consent, the ablest and the most influential man in the Radical party, while Mr. TREVELYAN, though he has somewhat belied his remarkable early promise, and has of late manifested much more faculty of turning the blind eye than of seeing, is certainly not to be mentioned in the same class as the RIFONS and the MUNDELLAS.

If these two men have, even hesitatingly and without a definite and irrevocable purpose of secession, protested against Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish schemes, their protest outweighs a hundred times the assent of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. CHILDERS. For it is not to be supposed, as some have endeavoured to suppose, that it is a mere question of money or of the general policy of purchase. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. TREVELYAN would certainly not have gone out, or contemplated going out, on a question of a million or a score of millions, more or less. If they object to the purchase scheme, whatever it is (and it must be remembered that the details do not affect the general argument), they must object to it as a dangerous and unsound investment. And, if they object to it as a dangerous and unsound investment, it follows inevitably that they consider the security of Ireland under a Home Rule Parliament of any kind likely to satisfy Mr. PARNELL inadequate. The objection to purchase thus involves an objection to Home Rule, and cannot be separated from it. Nor would it be possible, as some hasty people think and say, for Mr. GLADSTONE to obviate the difficulty by sinking the purchase scheme altogether. For it is quite clear that he cannot have adopted that scheme—one to which in principle, if principle mattered to him, he is more opposed than any other English statesman—except as the only way to obviate certain difficulties and oppositions. And therefore he could not sacrifice it without

inviting those difficulties and oppositions to present themselves once more. Even the residuum of the Cabinet have, with one or two exceptions, no doubt some scruples, though they may seem to be oddly selected, and by referring to the objections of others Mr. GLADSTONE can only excite theirs.

It is difficult, therefore, to see how any real harmony can be restored in the Ministry, whatever devices may be adopted. But the point of importance is not, Will this or that Minister go? but, What effect would this or that Minister's going have upon Parliament and the country? There are not wanting, of course, answers of the most discouraging kind to the question, and it would be idle to pretend that there is no excuse for this pessimism. The very low intellectual average of the present Liberal party in Parliament, the astounding blunders and crimes into which the Liberal party in the last Parliament permitted Mr. GLADSTONE to plunge, the blank absence of any political sense, except implicit belief in Mr. GLADSTONE himself, which is being displayed by the addresses and resolutions of the Liberal Caucuses, are, no doubt, ugly signs. That the PRIME MINISTER should be allowed to do what he has done is an unpleasantly strong argument for, at least, the probability of his being allowed to do what he proposes doing. But it must be remembered that there is nothing so unwise as despair, and that the resurrection of the torpid political sense of the country is not impossible. The modern Englishman appears, indeed, to have that sense singularly blunted. But, if it should prove that not merely Lord HARTINGTON, the leader and embodiment of one division of the Liberal party, but also Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the leader and embodiment of the division most opposed to Lord HARTINGTON's, is unable to agree with Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy, the argument is put in a form which even the bluntest sense can understand. The stupidest of Caucus-led voters must have at least a misgiving when he sees extremes meeting in this way. There is also not inconsiderable hope in the argument to the pocket—an argument which, it may be remembered, was successful in inflicting on Mr. GLADSTONE's last Government the most serious and mortifying check it ever received in the matter of the CHILDERS-LESSERS agreement. The suggestion that, if two hundred millions of English money are to be thrown into the Irish Sea, it might be preferable to expend them in buying up Archbishop WALSH and all his flock and shipping them off to plague some other continent, is of course burlesque; but it is the kind of burlesque which gets itself readily understood of the people. And in a more serious way it is possible to bring home to the most ordinary comprehension the argument that men who, like the Irishman arrested the other day, declare themselves unable to pay some four pounds of rent with a bank receipt for over two hundred pounds in their pocket, will be singularly unsatisfactory debtors for a loan of two hundred millions. It is satisfactory to see from the reports of the meeting of the Loyal and Patriotic League last Wednesday at Kensington, that action of the kind recommended last week is at last being taken, and it can only be hoped that such action will be multiplied and made more vigorous. It is not in London, where the facts are fairly understood, that the diffusion of light is most wanted, but elsewhere. With such diffusion, and with the exposition of the dangers of Home Rule in itself, on the one hand, and of a huge addition to the public debt of England, under no better guarantee than the honesty of an Irish Parliament, on the other, it is not impossible that even Mr. GLADSTONE'S

unrivalled power of bamboozling the unintelligent may be insufficient for the task which he has proposed to himself. But it cannot be too often insisted on that the chances of working outside Parliament are greater than the chances of working inside it. A large number of the Liberal members returned last year are impervious and insensible to any argument whatever. They might be moved by a startling split in the Cabinet, they could certainly be moved by an exhibition of popular feeling; but, having no political knowledge or experience, and being simply returned as delegates to support Mr. GLADSTONE in general, and to obtain certain private ends in particular, they are alike incapable and undesirous of listening to argument on the merits of any plan. In them is Mr. GLADSTONE's strength; and there is no doubt that he calculates on obtaining from their unreasoning obedience some such prerogative vote as may enable him to confuse his subsequent measures with the issue of a conflict between the two Houses. In the last resort, of course, such a conflict may have to be engaged. But, as it is Mr. GLADSTONE's interest to hasten and provoke it, it follows that it is the interest of all good Englishmen to postpone and avert it. That can best be done by vigorous and organized working on the reluctance of the constituencies to charge their already burdened shoulders with a vast bribe to Ireland, to expose the English taxpayer to all but the personal inconveniences of the Irish landlord, and to re-establish, at a vast cost and in the most objectionable manner, the very battle of rent-payers and rent receivers which it is sought to assuage.

#### THE TAXATION OF GROUND-RENTS.

THE debate on the taxation of ground-rents will have increased the just alarm with which owners of landed property regard the present House of Commons. The ostensible issue may be fairly raised; but the speeches in favour of the motion showed the real intentions of its advocates. Mr. MOULTON declined to be bound by the comparatively limited terms of Mr. SAUNDERS's Resolution; and another speaker blurted out the admission that the House could not begin on the land question at a better point. He added that the incidence of taxation should fall, not on the results of man's efforts, but upon the land which was due to no man's efforts. It is true that no landowner has created the soil; but he or his predecessors have by their industry and good fortune created the fund which, in reliance on the law, they have invested in the land. Mr. MOULTON, who, as a lawyer and a man of science, is a formidable recruit to the semi-Socialist ranks, condemned with an unworthy sneer the "selfish" and non-resident landlords who have committed the crime of doing what they will with their own. A purchaser of ground-rents has no more undertaken to reside than a debenture-holder has promised to live in the neighbourhood of a particular railway. It may be added that, if for selfish or other purposes he settled on the spot, no human being would be the better for his self-indulgence or self-denial. A fundholder or a shareholder is neither more nor less selfish than his neighbour, who in happier times than the present thought it lawful to combine supposed security with a low rate of interest by buying ground-rents. Mr. SAUNDERS and his supporters abstained, as Sir R. WEBSTER reminded them, from extending their inquiries into the incidence of local taxation on real as compared with personal property. For Imperial purposes ground-rents pay their due percentage, and the occupiers pay the rates in accordance with a deliberate bargain.

The question was ultimately referred to the Committee, partially reconstructed for the purpose, which has apparently been formed in aid of the new Irish House League. When one of Mr. PARNELL's most obscure followers proposed to institute an inquiry into the tenure of town-houses in Ireland, Mr. MORLEY himself declined to countenance a fresh and wholly unprovoked attack on Irish property, and the proposal was about to be defeated when Mr. GLADSTONE threw over his most congenial colleague and came to the rescue of the Parnellite faction. On his suggestion the inquiry was extended to Great Britain, partly for the purpose of rendering the Irish demand more plausible, and also with a probable design of unsettling the tenure of house property in England and Scotland. The question of rating ground-rents was so far connected with the subject that it was obviously unnecessary to prosecute two contemporary investigations. The Committee, if it is constituted with

tolerable fairness, will at least furnish an opportunity of showing that there are more sides than one to the controversy. The theorists and projectors whose predecessors were described by BURKE as metaphysicians will probably not yield to any weight of evidence or argument which may be adduced against them; but perhaps some of them may learn for the first time that the process of spoliation cannot be indefinitely repeated. Parliament can at its pleasure, and without any necessary regard to justice, readjust the terms of any bargain which may have been made between two voluntary contractors; but subsequent arrangements will be made with reference to the new condition of affairs and to any change in the incidence of taxation which may have been effected. The purchaser of a building lease has, according to present law and practice, undertaken to pay the rates on his holding, and the ground landlord has made a corresponding allowance in the purchase-money. If the burden is transferred from the owner of the fee to the lessee, one will be so much the richer and the other will be poorer; but the new plot of land will be granted on a calculation of the burdens which will be charged on the reversion.

The sympathy of the new school of economists for occupiers as opposed to owners is not a little capricious. The great estates of London naturally excite cupidity and envy. But the holders of building leases under the Duke of BEDFORD or the Duke of WESTMINSTER are supposed to have made fair bargains, and even to have in some instances accumulated large fortunes. There are obvious defects in the system of building leases; but the practice would not have become almost universal if it had not involved some economical advantage. Mr. FORWOOD gave an instructive account of the leaseholds held under the Corporation of Liverpool, which seem for certain reasons to be frequently preferred to freeholds. One of the speakers on the other side found an additional grievance in the investment of large sums by Insurance Companies in ground-rents. As he forcibly remarked, joint-stock Companies are likely to be unsympathetic; and perhaps they contrast in this respect with the hard-hearted landlords who are more commonly exposed to odium. It is of course desirable for Insurance Societies to have the safest possible investments; and, until the agricultural labourer was enfranchised, they naturally thought that ground-rents were the most solid form of property. Their shareholders and customers will now learn that the readjustment of ownership extends beyond penal enactments against peers and squires. Nothing was said in the debate about mortgagees who are, like Companies when they buy ground-rents, an unsympathetic class. They also contribute nothing to the rates, though they receive their incomes from the land. It is perhaps safer and easier to hunt down the owners of ground-rents first. Money-lenders who have had the folly to think that land titles provided security will be sacrificed in their turn.

The simple-minded Mr. M'CULLOCH probably expressed the general opinion of the party when he commended the Resolution against ground-rents as a well-chosen commencement of the attack upon land. Some of the subtler theorists were rather bent on putting in practice the doctrines of the Socialist school on unearned increments. It is not altogether obvious that the rise in value of a commodity kept for a better market is entirely unearned by the owner. Like other speculators, he has kept his goods till their value has increased in consequence of a new demand, and he has hitherto reaped the benefit of his temporary self-denial; or, in some cases, he may have suffered by the failure of his speculation. A man who buys a farm because he judges that it will soon be traversed by a railway is not wholly without claim to profit by the fulfilment of his expectation. When prosperity was advancing by leaps and bounds a large percentage of the increased wealth of the community was an unearned increment. To confiscate, as the metaphysicians propose, the results of successful speculation would do much to render enterprise impossible. The holder of railway stock may receive a larger dividend now than thirty years ago, because towns have been built along the line, without any fresh expenditure on his part. The difference of income and value is an unearned increment; and yet it was on the chance of such a gain that he chose his investment. If he has foreseen the result, and acted on his judgment by retaining his investment, it seems hard that his gains should be confiscated.

It is said that the London ground-rents amount to fourteen millions a year. The amount, of course, contributes its full proportion to the Income-tax; but, like other in-



visible kinds of income, it has hitherto not been liable to rates. It is evident that a large income might be raised for parochial and municipal purposes by rating the reversioner of land in relief of the actual possessor. The present House of Commons would perhaps be glad to tax ground landlords, even if no use could be found for the money, and it is, therefore, proposed to raise a large amount in relief of the actual ratepayers; yet it would be interesting to learn whether the assailants of property in general are really anxious to diminish the burden of rates in Belgravia and South Kensington. If such is their object, they may confer an undesired boon on the actual tenants; but the adjustment of the rates will raise the value of holdings under building leases. Until recent times it was always assumed that the rates fell ultimately on the freeholder or the ground landlord, and no capricious legislation can permanently alter the incidence. It is true that the occupiers pay the new rates, such as that of the School Board, which have been imposed or largely increased since the commencement of the term. It is a fair question whether an unforeseen result affords sufficient ground for relief; but it is difficult to believe that the enemies of landed property trouble themselves with the grievances of prosperous traders and wealthy residents. If it were desirable to regulate the conditions of tenure by legislation, the majority of economists would prefer to the system of building leases the practice of feuing which is universal in Scotland and widely prevalent in the North of England. The feuar pays a ground-rent, generally of small amount, for a practically freehold property. In some cases the superior or original ground landlord retains a right of enforcing on purchasers the observance of the feuing plan. The feuar is otherwise wholly independent. His sentiments towards the projectors who intend to deprive him of his future unearned increment may be easily conjectured. All legislative proposals with regard to land which may be introduced into the present Parliament must be taken in connexion with Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's disgraceful Bill.

#### TOUJOURS FLABBINESS.

THE success of Mr. STANSFELD's motion on Tuesday night, and some comments which were then and have since been made on it by persons not favourable to the motion itself, supply a very unwelcome text for a fresh discourse on the subject of what, according to medical usage, may be called "Argyll's disease"—that is to say, the disease recently indicated and scientifically described by the Duke of ARGYLL. Of all the mischievous and foolish fads upon which modern Radicalism spends its want of intelligence and its adaptability to the work of idle hands the agitation against the Contagious Diseases Acts is incomparably the most mischievous and the most foolish. Mr. STANSFELD is reported to have said that the Acts were (or rather are, for they are unrepealed still) "objectionable on moral, on constitutional, and on hygienic grounds." If they are objectionable on moral grounds, a physician's profession is the most vicious profession in this vicious world, and the Good Samaritan was an immoral meddler. If they are objectionable on constitutional grounds, every sanitary inspector is an embodied breach of the Bill of Rights, and an indictment for a nuisance is as unconstitutional as ship-money. That they are objectionable on hygienic grounds is (we are sorry to have to use plain language) an impudent falsehood. All statistics, all scientific evidence, all common sense agree that they are of the greatest hygienic value. Nor is there in relation to this subject the excuse for its fanatics which exists in some more or less faint measure for some other fanatics. The admitted evils of drunkenness supply a kind of muddle-headed pretext, a feminine and quadri-terminal argument for the followers of Sir WILFRID. A few painful cases of carelessness or occasional suffering exist to give, not an excuse, but a kind of far-off suspicion of excuse, for the mischievous stupidity of the anti-vaccinationists. There is nothing of the kind in Mr. STANSFELD's case. The course objected to is dictated by reason, and has proved eminently successful in experience. It is no more immoral than it is immoral to interfere with any other plague of humanity. It has led to no abuses or hardships, for the few very doubtful cases of alleged sentimental injury are nothing; and of injury other than sentimental there is not even a shadow or a pretence. There is reason to believe that it is not objected to by the very persons in whose supposed interest the agitation proceeds. Its

cessation will, even by the admission of the enemy, cause a certain amount of positive mischief which they only conceive to be balanced by imaginary good. A craze about personal rights; a private opinion, not countenanced either by law or religion, about morality; perhaps a misguided devotion to Free-trade—these are all the producible arguments for Mr. STANSFELD; the real, but unproducable, argument being the interest felt by a certain class of people in any nasty subject which is capable of being handled so as to be mischievous as well as nasty.

Of the truth of all this there is no doubt in the minds of the vast majority of reasonable men. Yet, as has been seen, a few years of impudent agitation have succeeded in reflecting the practical mischief from which the country was delivered in great part a few years ago, and in doing everything but actually repealing the Acts themselves. And yet how do some persons who practically admit every argument we have used above treat the matter? Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, granting almost in so many words that the case for the Acts is unanswerable, says that "it is not worth while to re-argue a question practically decided by the last Parliament." This is finality with a vengeance. Certain statutes are unrepealed, though their execution has been suspended by a side blow. A new Parliament assembles, and it is useless to argue a question which the defunct body in its wisdom has settled. Now it was certainly known that, in the opinion of some of our modern wiseacres, an institution which has stood for a thousand years takes no benefit from its standing, but that if in a moment of whim any such institution is abolished, it is reaction and obscurantism and Heaven knows what else to set it up again. The right of establishment is human and questionable; the right of disestablishment is divine and sacrosanct. The existence of this principle was, we say, known, though it has seldom been so nakedly stated. But it may be said that officials have a kind of prescriptive cynicism in such statements which must not be criticized too harshly, and that Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, since his colleagues (every one of whom knows in his heart of hearts that the suspension of the Acts was a blunder and a crime) would not support the law, was excusable in deserting it. But what is to be said of the *Times* newspaper? The *Times*, after a very considerable period of suspended vitality, has taken of late such a rational and courageous attitude on the Irish question that men had begun seriously to ask themselves whether there was once more to be a leading journal. But the *Times* has to discuss the division of Tuesday, and what does it say? It admits that the evidence shows the Acts to have done good, it admits that no evidence has been produced of any harm (outside, it should have added, the chaste imagination of Mrs. BUTLER and other like nests of spicery) such as the opponents of the Acts protest against. But the subject is a "nasty" one, and the division was "a foregone conclusion," and the *Times* "congratulates" the reintroducer of the foulest of all diseases to free quarters in the British army and navy, rejoices that "the unsavoury topic has been removed," and "hopes it will hear no more of it."

When somebody has to write the epitaph of England (and really it does not seem as if the Academy of Inscriptions which will have to draw up that epitaph is a thing of the very distant future), he might perhaps do worse than write, "Died of wishing to hear no more of it." No doubt the disease is one to which the human race is extremely liable. If 'twere done when 'tis done; if by any Act or combination of Acts the aforesaid Mrs. BUTLER, and Mr. GLADSTONE, and the Irish cow-roasters, and Osman DIGNA, and School Boards, and the Income tax, and the latter-day Radical, and bad wine, and fogs, and all the other ills of man, could be shipped down the stream of Lethe and got rid of once for all, it would no doubt be extremely delightful. But unluckily it cannot be done, and the unvarying teaching of experience is that wishing to hear no more of it ends in having to hear a great deal more of it. Yet the desire is so strong in the human breast that it seems always safe to work on it, and that, as we have just seen, it is naïvely confessed as a quite sufficient and justifiable motive of action. This "Let us hear no more of it," which seems a sufficient reason to the *Times* for acquiescing in the unchecked inoculation of the army and navy of England with the most horrible of all diseases, is being urged by others as a sufficient reason for doing what the *Times* regards with just horror, and letting Ireland go about her devices with an indemnity of two hundred millions (just what Prince BISMARCK exacted in Mr. PARNELL's place) to console her for the trouble of

mismanaging her own affairs. The one is a larger matter than the other, no doubt; but the two transactions are completely on all fours. In the one case a small, and in the other a large, body of pestilent agitators has for years been making itself a nuisance to all decent men. The pamphlets and the speeches of the party of Mrs. BUTLER and Mr. STANSFELD correspond to the murders and the boycottings of the party of Mr. PARNELL and Archbishop WALSH. Each has got itself a strong Parliamentary following, and each in turn has "squared" Mr. GLADSTONE. And so in the one case, at any rate, "Let us hear no more of it" wins the day, and wins it to the satisfaction of the *Times*. The furious SAPPHOS of the STANSFELD party are told to go in peace, and inflict at their leisure at least one of POPE's libellously-insinuated penalties on the soldiers and sailors of England. To resist them is so much trouble; it is so unpleasant; it is not quite certain whether it is possible. Let us hear no more of it, and let local authorities have a little money to build bigger powdering-tubs for the furious SAPPHOS' victims. With this Mr. STANSFELD and Mrs. BUTLER are dismissed rejoicing, and they meet at the door Mr. PARNELL and Archbishop WALSH, whose advocates likewise urge how much better it would be for Englishmen to hear no more of it. May the omen be averted!

#### FAIR TRADE IN BRUTALITY.

WHATEVER may be said about Free-trade and Fair-trade in ordinary commerce, it is certain that, if we want to go on living as a nation at all, we must adopt Fair-trade in Brutality. At present we import, so to speak, without a farthing of protective duty, all the brutality with which any set of people chooses to treat us; and yet we are told by Liberal papers there must be no reciprocity. We must export no brutality in return for all that we endure.

The great purveyors of brutality for our political market are, at present, the Irish Nationalists, and Irish ruffians generally. We read in the papers, and in Parliament Mr. MORLEY has continually pressed for his approval, examples of brutality in bulk, enormous in quantity and in quality, superior to anything produced out of Russia when Jews are in question. The CURTIN case was a very good sample. A crowd of village ruffians invaded the man's house, shot him, and ran away from his daughters, when those brave girls spoke to the enemy in the gates. This was pretty brutal; but it might be passed over as a mere ebullition of high spirits had not the neighbours clamoured their approval and lauded the heroes in patriotic verse. They also showered gibes and insults on the young women whom their heroes had made orphans, gibing at them even on their way to church. But this brutality was politeness compared to the conduct of the crowd of cowards who mocked the widow of FINLAY, and who prevented his kinsfolk from attending his funeral, which they were also anxious to prevent. These acts of brutality are only specimens of the spirit which elsewhere finds congenial expression in the burning alive of cattle belonging to men who have taken farms on which Mr. PARNELL's League has set its interdiction. Yet it would not be very easy to find a Gladstonian speaker or a Gladstonian journalist who says one word in deprecation of those abominable acts, or of the organized starvation to which the Parnellites condemn loyal and law-abiding men in Ireland. Are these brutalities ever denounced as they deserve by Mr. GLADSTONE's partisans? Are they not slurred over, minimized, dropped out of sight? Mr. GLADSTONE would not some years ago have acquiesced in such treatment of Bulgarians by Turks as he seems to find palatable when subjects of the QUEEN are the victims.

In short, all this brutality is by us imported freely. Ireland may send as much as she pleases of a kind of news in which she is so affluent. But, if it is proposed that law should take the place of violence, and that the Irish should be coerced into peace, why, then, the cry of "Brutal" is raised at once. "England will pay any reasonable price," we are told—say two hundred millions on account, merely on account—rather than recur to the "brutal" expedient of "coercion." Why, wherefore should "brutality" be an unproved and successful instrument against us, while it would be iniquitous in us to stop brutality? Or, is it not brutal to murder men and insult their widows and orphans? Is it mild and genial to burn cattle alive? It is difficult to believe that any country can be deluded by such thin sophistries, which, if acted on honestly, would disband the police and abolish the punishment of crime. No-

thing can be more brutal than to hang murderers; yet it is still done, and is found to have a wholesome effect on *messieurs les assassins*. Nothing can be more "coercive" than to lock up thieves, forgers, and Mr. RICHARD BELT; yet hardly any one speaks of abolishing the practice. Of course it is mere charlatanry to pass over the most violent and cruel deeds without a word of disapproval, and to denounce the coercion of rebels and murderers as brutal. Nothing succeeds but brutality; dynamite, assassination, boycotting are the only forceful instruments on one side; on the other anything but tame acquiescence must be abandoned as "brutal." It is "brutal" to coerce Greece when Lord SALISBURY does it; when Lord ROSEBERY attempts it, he acts as a good Philhellene. These arguments are as ruinous as they are manifestly mere party cries. The country which carries party spirit to the length of enduring all insults and injuries, and of stigmatizing self-defence as "brutality," will soon, let us hope, suffer the last extremes of party government and turn to any other form of polity. We must exercise reciprocity in brutality (if it is brutal to enforce the Sixth Commandment), or cease to exist except as a mob of robbers and robbed.

#### HARBOURS OF REFUGE.

THE late debate on Harbours of Refuge was principally remarkable on account of the sound doctrines which were promulgated by members who have sometimes inclined to economic heresy. Among many conclusive reasons for declining to accept Mr. DAWSON's motion, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN informed the House that the local expenditure on harbours within twenty years had been twice as great as the collective outlay for similar purposes of all the other commercial nations of Europe. Companies and Dock Boards would never have engaged in their beneficial enterprises if their efforts had been superseded by national grants of money. The Tyne, the Tees, the Clyde, the Mersey, and the Humber are in their present state artificial creations. As the map shows, Glasgow and Gloucester are naturally inland towns, converted into important commercial ports by costly and elaborate works. Grimsby has within living memory, from a harbour of little importance, become the great fish-port of the United Kingdom. The great improvements of existing harbours have been effected sometimes by Joint-Stock Companies, but more often by local Navigation Boards which have seen their way to recoup themselves for their expenditure by rates on shipping and on goods. Parliament, if it had undertaken the task, would have been less cautious in its calculations, and a large portion of grants which might have been made would probably have been misapplied. Promoters of docks and harbours have not knowingly invested their money in unprofitable speculations. There are obvious exceptions to the rule of depending exclusively on local enterprise. Harbours of refuge are made, not for the exclusive benefit of any port or neighbourhood, but for the security of shipping. The works at Dover have been for this reason constructed at the public expense; and for many years the claims of Filey, or of some other point on the North-Eastern coast, have been vigorously pressed. No Government has yet pledged itself to any scheme of the kind; and it would be impossible to precipitate a decision for the sake of providing work for the unemployed.

It is only in exceptional cases, and on a comparatively small scale, that public works can be advantageously prosecuted for the incidental purpose of providing employment. During the cotton famine of twenty years ago, Lancashire operatives, thrown temporarily out of work, were content to accept wages for their unfamiliar labours on drainage and other sanitary improvements; but even at that time only a fraction of the mill hands were reduced to the necessity of performing unskilled labour. There could be no doubt of the expediency of sanitary works, which, indeed, are never constructed with a direct object of making a pecuniary profit. There is, as the House was assured on competent authority, a preliminary objection to the proposal for instituting harbour works in the fact that a great part of the labour required is of a special or skilled character. Ordinary labourers cannot at once learn the art of working in or under water, and artisans accustomed to sedentary occupations would be still more incapable. It is generally desirable to found practical conclusions on the narrowest basis which will support the fabric; but the general theory of devising work for the sake of work is in a high degree questionable. Labour, which is the necessary condition of



all achievement, is not in itself a good. If harbours and other public works could be built, like ALADDIN'S palace, by magic, no one would regret their inability to provide wages for workmen. Hats are made for the use of their wearers, and not for the benefit of hatters. The Socialists, who profess the opposite opinion, complain that masons and carpenters and bricklayers build fine houses, in which bloated capitalists live. They would probably also be dissatisfied with the construction of harbours which would promote the interests of merchants and shipowners.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S sound arguments against artificial schemes for promoting labour at the expense of the State will be not less applicable to his future appropriation of the proceeds of local taxation. Mr. BRADLAUGH appropriately reminded the House that it will be comparatively useless to pay off part of the National Debt if no check is placed on the accumulation of municipal or district liabilities. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, if he has sanctioned Mr. JESSE COLLINGS'S monstrous Bill for the creation of small holdings, is pledged to a much less defensible scheme than a general construction of more or less necessary harbours. According to the Bill, every sanitary authority is to be allowed to incur an almost unlimited amount of debt for the purpose of trying a more than doubtful economic experiment. The harbours would be more useful than the forty-acre freeholds. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, indeed, has discovered that harbours of refuge have no tendency to reduce the loss of life at sea. It seems that the majority of wrecks occur at a distance from the shore, and that there are many losses in attempting to enter harbour; but the course of navigation is affected by the greater or less protection which is offered to vessels in distress; and the small fishing harbours which were recommended by some of the speakers in the debate could scarcely fail to reduce the number of disasters. It was not necessary to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S argument to disparage the utility of any kind of port; and he would readily admit that undertakings of the kind ought to be encouraged, though not on the ground that the labour employed might lead to the relief of the present distress. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Poor-law statistics confirm the impression that pauperism has thus far been kept within reasonable limits. The sufferings of the higher class of artisans are for the moment more difficult to deal with; but the danger of reducing skilled workmen to pauperism is to a great extent counteracted by their own laudable objection to the receipt of parish relief. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Circular to Boards of Guardians has been carefully drawn. If his advice is followed, the evils of official employment of labour will be as far as possible avoided or reduced.

Mr. MUNDELLA, in closing the debate, recurred to the fallacy of seeking in the construction of public works the means of providing relief for the unemployed. In his opinion the stagnation of enterprise is partly caused by arbitrary restrictions on the employment of capital. Mr. MUNDELLA is right in his assumption that the interference of Parliament with the discretion of private undertakings was originally intended to check speculative enterprises. Many years ago Lord REDFORD, who was alarmed by the rapid extension of railways, persuaded the House of Lords to prohibit the payment of interest out of capital during the construction of public works. The House of Commons took the same precaution on plausible grounds, and the rule has only been relaxed of late on special considerations. It is not worth while to consult economists on the expediency of allowing a portion of a subscribed capital to be applied to the apparently illegitimate purpose of paying interest. There is no doubt that great abuses in connexion with foreign and colonial loans have arisen from the practice of meeting the interest on public debts by additional loans; but in these cases the process has been disguised for the purpose of unduly maintaining the credit of the borrowing Government. The concession which will probably be made to the Board of the Manchester Ship Canal is proposed with full notice to all who are concerned of the nature of the financial operation. The subscribers will receive back a portion of their own money in a form which is found to meet general convenience. When a great work has been sanctioned by Parliament as advantageous to the public there seems to be no reason why the undertakers should not raise the capital by the easiest and cheapest methods. It is found by experience that large and small investors wish to secure to themselves an income for three or four years on the money with which they have determined to speculate. It is understood that, unless their convenience is consulted, it will be difficult or impossible to find the money for the under-

taking. Mr. MUNDELLA has warmly supported their demand, and he reasonably wishes to allow similar license to other promoters of enterprise. His anticipation of immediate advantage to the unemployed poor will probably be disappointed. The works are of the nature described by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as requiring skilled labour of a particular kind, and it is not known whether the contractors are in a position to proceed immediately with their work.

Even if some plausible objection might be taken to Mr. MUNDELLA'S language, the short debate offered a pleasant contrast to the ordinary proceedings of the new House of Commons. It is more profitable to inquire into the tendencies of national or local enterprise than to pass unconstitutional Resolutions against the House of Lords or even to disestablish the London Parks. Mr. LABOUCHERE is perhaps well advised in prosecuting his attacks on good government by a series of cynical motions. There is no reason to suppose that he either purposes or desires to attain any object beyond the general unsettlement of all institutions. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a more responsible politician, though some of his proposals are more dangerous than Mr. LABOUCHERE'S facetious appeals to ignorance and prejudice. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has at least the faculty of understanding economic reasoning; he is ready to expose Socialist fallacies which happen not to coincide with his own political plans. Mr. MUNDELLA also still retains a belief in the principles which were formerly supposed to form the central creed of the Liberal party.

#### LAW AND HISTORY.

"WHAT," said the Lord Chief Justice JEFFRIES on a famous occasion, "what is this lousy little book?" Such was his Lordship's characteristic mode of laying down the legal principle, from which his successors have not departed, that statements in historical works are not evidence of fact. The expediency of this maxim is well illustrated by the recent case of *BRYCE v. RUSDEN*. Mr. RUSDEN wrote a history of New Zealand in three volumes, mainly with the view of proving that all previous works on the same subject were erroneous, as perhaps they are. He made Mr. BRYCE a central figure in his narrative, giving him the agreeable title of "BRYCE Kohuru," which, being interpreted, means BRYCE the Murderer. Mr. BRYCE has been Native Minister in New Zealand, and of course he has in that character seen a good deal of the Maoris. Now the Maoris are, as Mr. DISRAELI would have said, an interesting race. In one respect, at all events, they are among the most enviable races of the earth. For when the missionaries came to render the Book of Common Prayer into the Maori tongue, it was found impossible to translate literally the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent. "Read, mark, learn," had all their Maori equivalents. But when the translator came to "inwardly digest" he was baffled. There was no such word in the Maori language. No Maori had ever been made aware by painful experience that there was any such process as digestion. Happy are the people upon whom a knowledge of human physiology is not forced by less agreeable agents than Dr. CARPENTER. It is probable that the Maoris have not always been treated with strict justice by the colonists. The late Bishop SELWYN took their side very strongly, and Bishop SELWYN was not a man whose opinion any one that knew him would lightly regard. The Maoris have a much less desirable friend in Mr. RUSDEN, formerly Clerk of the Parliaments in the colony of Victoria, who attempted to set Mr. BRYCE upon the historic or quasi-historic pillory. Mr. BRYCE, however, has not yet joined the majority of the victims of too rhetorical historians, and he declined to stand meekly on the bad eminence to which the pen of Mr. RUSDEN would have consigned him. Mr. RUSDEN should have read his JUVENAL, and confined himself to libelling those

Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

Then he would not have had to pay five thousand pounds in damages, together with the costs of an eight days' trial. According to Mr. RUSDEN, Mr. BRYCE is just the sort of man which the patron of aboriginal races supposes every one who resists them to be. A natural taste for human gore, as strong as Mr. WINKLE'S natural taste for perjury, was attributed to Mr. BRYCE by Mr. RUSDEN. "Some women and young children emerged from a pah to hunt pigs. Lieutenant BRYCE (meaning the plaintiff) and Sergeant MAX. WELL dashed upon them and cut them down gleefully and

"with ease." "Gleefully and with ease" is in the true spirit of humanitarian malignity. However, it is unnecessary to consider the epithets, inasmuch as the statement is untrue. Mr. BRYCE did not cut down women and young children either gleefully or with ease or gloomily and with difficulty. He did not cut them down at all. He did, indeed, take part in a skirmish with the Maoris about eighteen years ago. But there were no women or children concerned, and Mr. BRYCE contends that he was only doing his duty for the protection of the colony. Everybody remembers the famous passage in which MACAULAY hypothetically describes the schooldays of Sir ELIJAH IMPEY. "We think we may safely venture to guess that whenever HASTINGS wished to play 'any trick more than usually naughty, he hired IMPEY with a tart or a ball to act as fag in the worst part of the 'prank.' Thus the great essayist. Now for the small imitator. 'His admirers have not cared to record much of Mr. BRYCE's boyish days; but his conduct as Native Minister justifies the inference that he was an inferior 'order of cowboy.' We venture to think that it would be difficult to find a closer historical parallel.

It was not attempted at the trial to prove that Mr. BRYCE was a murderer. But Sir JOHN GORST and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER advanced the remarkable doctrine that any assertion about a public man was legitimate, if the person making it believed it to be true. Fortunately Baron HUDDLESTON lent no countenance to this monstrous proposition, which seems to spring from a confusion between statement and comment. The public conduct of public men is public property, and may be freely discussed by any one. Criticism of it, however severe, only becomes libellous when, in the opinion of a jury, it is deliberately unfair and dictated by personal malice. It is difficult to conceive a case in which a politician could bring an action of libel in this country for condemnation of his political career with any hope of success. But allegations of fact are another thing altogether. To say of Mr. GLADSTONE or of Lord SALISBURY that his Irish policy will cover him with everlasting infamy is perfectly legal. It is a matter of opinion. To say or write that either of them gave a thousand pounds to be spent in bribing voters would be none the less a slander or a libel because the man who made the assertion was idiot enough to believe it. No point of law can be more important than this, and it certainly had a very close bearing upon the case of BRYCE v. RUSDEN. For Mr. RUSDEN had undoubtedly received some information on which he based his libels, though he seems to have gone beyond what was told him. No less a person than Sir ARTHUR GORDON, at a time when he was Governor of New Zealand and Mr. BRYCE one of his Ministers, sent an account on hearsay evidence to Mr. RUSDEN of Mr. BRYCE having been concerned in the slaughter of women and children. Such, at least, was the testimony of Mr. RUSDEN, corroborated by Sir ARTHUR GORDON's own letters, unless they were forgeries, which was not suggested by any one. Sir ARTHUR GORDON appears to have improved upon the tale told him by Bishop HADFIELD, and to have played a not very dignified part in a game of Russian scandal. Mr. BRYCE may be congratulated on having triumphantly vindicated his character, contributed to the general knowledge of New Zealand politics, and helped to establish a valuable doctrine of law.

#### LOSS OF THE OREGON.

THE good fortune of the Cunard Line has not deserted it even when it has lost one of its steamers. It can still boast that it has not lost the life of a single passenger. There is even a possibility that the circumstances attending the foundering of the *Oregon* may tend rather to increase the confidence felt in the Cunarders; for it is clear that, on the whole, the officers and crew did their duty well when once the vessel had begun to sink. Whether the blame for the collision rests on the first mate of the *Oregon* or on the crew of the coasting schooner—or whether there was any collision, or any coasting schooner—for there are very mysterious circumstances in the story, it is, of course, impossible to say as yet, and it may even never be possible to get at the truth at all. There does not seem to be any reason to attribute the disaster to the speed at which the steamer was being driven; for the night was clear, and any collision must have been caused by faults of steering on one side or the other, and might equally have happened if the *Oregon* had been going at nine knots an hour or five, instead

of at eighteen. When once the disaster had happened the officers of the Cunard did their duty well. In spite of the panic among the stokers and firemen, the passengers were all conveyed from the sinking ship successfully. When it is remembered that most of them were emigrants who did not even speak a word of English, this must be acknowledged to be greatly to the credit of the captain and his officers. The public will probably think more of the fact that, in spite of their long good fortune, the Cunarders have never ceased to be quite prepared to deal with a disaster than of the disaster itself, and will trust the line as implicitly as before.

While, however, there will be no wish in any quarter to refuse the Company and its officers all the credit due to them, it is impossible not to see that the escape of the passengers was far more due to good luck than to good management or to the sufficiency of the precautions taken. If the *Oregon* had come into collision with the sailing-ship in mid-ocean, the loss of life must have been dreadful; for the very satisfactory reason that there were not boats enough to have held quite half of the nine hundred and odd persons on board. This is a defect which is certainly not peculiar to the vessels of the Cunard line. It may even be taken for granted that, if the steamers of a Company which enjoys a high reputation both for care and generosity are ill equipped in this respect, those which carry another house-flag are as badly or worse found. In the present case the full consequences of this defect were avoided, because the *Oregon* was close to land, and within reach of pilot-boats. Had she been two hundred miles further out at sea, the loss of life would certainly have been very great. As it was, the want of boats may partially account for the disgraceful conduct of the stokers and firemen. Men who behaved like this would probably not behave well under any circumstances, and would rush to save themselves in fear that the vessel might go down next moment. But the knowledge that there were not boats enough would, of course, make them still more desperately brutal, and might even seem an excuse on the ground that, under these circumstances, everybody was entitled to shift for himself. It is both morally and legally the duty of the Company to see that this excuse is not provided, and to take every precaution against a possible danger. Steamship Companies are bound to supply boats enough for all the passengers they carry; but it is certain that the obligation is seldom or never complied with. Now that this failure has been prominently brought into notice by the loss of the *Oregon*, it is to be hoped that obedience to the law will be enforced in the future. There are, no doubt, difficulties in the way of providing for the conveyance of a thousand or more persons from a sinking ship; but they ought not to be, and it may safely be said that they are not, invincible. Boats or some of the various mechanical contrivances meant to supplement them ought to be carried in sufficient numbers to supply all the passengers with a means of escape. The duty of finding how it is to be managed rests on the Companies. They undertake to convey passengers with a distinct knowledge of the obligations imposed on them by the law, and it is incumbent on them to find a means of doing what they have undertaken to do. Shipbuilders and naval engineers can always succeed in carrying out the wishes of owners when it is a question of making accommodation for passengers or of attaining greater speed. They would be equally ingenious in providing means of safety if they were employed to do so. Meanwhile it is the manifest duty of the Board of Trade to help the shipowners by strictly enforcing compliance with the law. Passengers who grumble because a ship is not driven at eighteen knots an hour through a dense fog, and who prefer the lines which sacrifice everything to speed, would probably be equally troublesome if they found the deck lumbered up with boats and rafts designed to save them from drowning. If, however, all steamers had to be fitted in the same way, their grumbling would be harmless. It is in any case absurd that, while the Board of Trade is asking for fresh powers to provide for the safety of life at sea, we should hear that it has neglected to use the power which it has already.

#### WHY HE IS A FAILURE.

ONE of the many agencies for collecting newspaper scraps about people, and for putting impertinent questions, has issued a kind of schedule, with blank forms, which failures are expected to fill up. The literary failure



is asked to state whether he attributes his woes to drink, cards, marriage, general incapacity, dishonesty, "Unpopular" (*sic*) Views, or general disinclination to work. We have presented the form to one of the most abjectly unsuccessful of authors, who glories in his failure. He has run his pen through all the causes in the circular, and states the true reasons thus:—

I (here follow name and address, with profession, that of Letters) attribute an honourable discomfiture to

1. The Public Folly.
2. My own pre-eminent Genius.
3. Critics, whom I divide into—
4. *Cliques*.
5. *Coteries*.
6. *Mutual Admiration Societies*.
7. Cabals.

He adds a few remarks about the cruel monopoly of Circulating Libraries. But his main grievance is against the public, and, still more, against the critics who mislead the public. Discouraged by his positive certainty, on *à priori* grounds, that all critics are members of Mutual Admiration Societies, and that none of them admire him, he has refrained, he tells us, from publishing anything whatever. He has never got further than reading his own poems (which are Pindaric Odes) to his family circle; and as a critic he has confined himself to pencilling his views on the margins of books from those tyrannous associations—Circulating Libraries. These *marginalia* have been brutally neglected; nay, when he has borrowed again one of the books which he has illustrated by his comments, he has found remarks added by later readers—remarks of an unfriendly character, like those which M. PERRICHON wrote about the Commandant.

Perhaps a literary failure could hardly be more gloriously complete, and there can be no doubt that such affecting cases are very common.

The conditions of lack of success, however, in this touching example might, by a cynical person, be summed up in the words,

"General disinclination to work,"

and

"General incapacity."

Had the circular been sent to M. AMIEL, he, we are sure, would have treated it much as our friend has done. He would have set down his lack of success to his own peculiarly lofty and disengaged genius, and to the folly of the public and the critics. Yet, surely, "General incapacity" and "General disinclination to work" were the true solutions of the problem. They always are.

#### THE DECAZEVILLE STRIKE.

THE debates in the French Chamber on the causes of and proposed remedies for the strike at Decazeville are by much the most important incidents in recent French politics. They have apparently attracted little or no attention out of France, and yet they have revealed the strength of the forces which will bring about the ruin of the French Republic, if it is ever to be ruined, and the confused weakness of the politicians who are entrusted with the defence of property and order. The discussions on the motions of MM. BASLY and CAMÉLINAT are of the greatest interest to all who possess property in France, not only because of the principles avowed and defended by the Radical spokesmen, but because of the feebleness of the Ministry and their obvious unwillingness to break with a party of their following merely on the ground that it was advancing anarchical ideas. With an active party in the Chamber determined on attacking all the rights of property on the simple ground that "capital" is and must necessarily be wicked, and a Ministry which cannot say No to these politicians, and a Budget which is a striking evidence of the bad state of the national finance, French industry may well begin to feel uneasy, and it is certain that no Government which frightens the owners of property in France will succeed in keeping its head above water long. General BOULANGER, the Minister of War, contrived to deal the Republic a shrewd blow. In reply to questions about the employment of troops to keep order in Decazeville he assumed an apologetic attitude which could only be interpreted as meaning that he had ordered the soldiers to defend the agents of the Company because he could not help it, and would willingly have been exempted from the disagreeable task.

When a Minister of War in France finds it necessary to give excuses for his measures of precaution against murderous riots the anarchical forces in the country must be becoming very strong indeed.

The exact terms of the motions of MM. BASLY and CAMÉLINAT are of little importance. They both asserted the great principle that, when labourers and the employers of labour fall out, the latter must necessarily be in the wrong, and that it is the duty of the Government to interfere on behalf of the former. The miners at the Decazeville mines have become discontented with their treatment by the Company, not altogether without reason, and have struck. In the course of the strike a minority of them have been guilty of great and criminal violence. Under these circumstances, the duty of the Ministry would seem to be clear. It should be rigidly neutral in the business dispute, and should support the officers of the law in suppressing crime. This, naturally, is not the view of the Radicals. According to their theories, the murder of M. WATRIN was an act of popular justice, and, so far from being a good reason for taking active measures for the maintenance of order in the future, is in itself a good reason for despoiling the Company. The right to work the mines at Decazeville has been given by the State, and the Radicals maintain that it may be taken away. It is no obstacle, in their opinion, that the concession was granted on definite terms, and can only be withdrawn if the Company fails to fulfil its side of the contract. They pay no attention to the fact that the Company has been losing money for some time past, and are by far too indifferent to common sense to stop and ask whether the property which cannot be profitably worked by private enterprise would pay in the hands of the State. It is enough for them that in this dispute there is, on the one hand, a Company of capitalists, and, on the other, a body of workmen. From this it follows, to their mind, that the obvious duty of the State is to come between the disputants and hand over to the many the property of the few. Speechifying in support of nonsense of this sort would in itself be of little importance, but the Ministry and the Chamber have listened to and acted on it so as to make it very formidable indeed. M. DE FREYCNET and his colleagues have heard and answered the wild declamation of the Radicals like men who were far more afraid of offending the speakers than of entertaining schemes of spoliation. They have, of course, not uttered any word of approval of the hideous murder of M. WATRIN, but they have spoken and acted as if that crime afforded some reason for revising the contract with the Company, although there is no shadow of proof that the members of this body have failed to comply with the law. The Chamber has carefully imitated, if it has not dictated, the conduct of the Ministry. It has declined firmly enough to endorse the violent talk of the Radicals; but it has ended by committing itself to an Order of the Day which binds the Ministry to try and revise the law regulating the terms on which Government contracts are given and held. This can hardly have any other than a most fatal effect on the sense of security among many owners of property. There is no pretence, except among a knot of Radicals, that the Decazeville Company has failed to comply with the terms of the concession on which it holds the mine. It is notorious that the property has not been paying, and that the workmen's wages are being supplied out of capital, and not out of profits. Only a dreamer can believe that if the Company is removed the workmen will be able to make money out of the mine. And yet, simply because there is a Radical clamour, a majority of the Chamber has agreed to unsettle the terms on which the property is held. This is better, no doubt, than open threats of confiscation; but the owners of property in France may well begin to ask themselves whether the duty of Government is not to defend them, and then whether the present Government has shown any inclination to do its duty.

#### THE HUMOURS OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, on which we were told there were to be great doings, has passed off in England, at any rate, in a very humdrum fashion. Our Saxon brutality, indeed, might almost tempt us to describe this year's celebration of the Irish national festival as a "fizzle." The "Grand Irish National Banquet" at the Cannon Street Hotel was a function which, in mercy to our readers, we will not compare to a certain immortal drama with a not unimportant part omitted therefrom. Mr. PARNELL was prevented by

what may or may not have been a politic "cold" from presiding, and in his absence the chair was taken by Mr. EDWARD DWYER GRAY. Mr. GRAY is not, at the best of times, an inspiring orator, and when, as on the recent occasion, he had doubtless received orders to "go slow," his eloquence has a peculiarly chilling effect. On the other hand, it was characterized on St. Patrick's night by a statesmanlike dignity of utterance which ought to bring tears to the eyes of Mr. JOHN MORLEY. "They were looking forward," said Mr. GRAY (that is, the "bhoys" are looking forward), "not only in Ireland, but all over the globe"—from Woodford, where "the state of public feeling is bad," to the American cities, in which it might certainly be improved—"with something of confidence and hope to a satisfactory termination of the long struggle in which they and their forefathers are engaged. They were waiting with expectation for some announcement on the part of the great English statesman who was now at the head of affairs—for some announcement that his genius might be sufficiently great, and the common sense and feeling of justice of the English people be sufficiently strong, to enable him to"—perform the miracle of letting Ireland ride in front without making England ride behind. "At such a time as the present," continued Mr. GRAY, "it would be almost criminal on the part of any Irishman to say one word which might tend unnecessarily to revive the bitter memories of the past, or to exasperate any prejudice or feeling, or give a handle to any man to misrepresent the true attitude of the Irish race in this matter." At the present juncture, no doubt, with a Cabinet in the throes of disruption over the efforts of the great English statesman's genius, it is as well that the words of the expectant party should be wary and few. And this might with advantage have been borne in mind by the gentleman who cried "Oh!" when Mr. GRAY referred to the "integrity of the Empire." When no reporters are present Home Rulers may laugh among themselves as much as they like at the idea of the "integrity of the Empire" remaining after the separation of legislative power. We frankly admit that it is a good joke; but, for the moment, it would be, if not wiser, at any rate more decent, for Irish Nationalists to keep their countenances when Englishmen are by.

The enforced restraint, however, which circumstances imposed upon patriotic eloquence tended rather to give the proceedings a pleasing bias in the direction of comedy. Thus, when we recall the cause of Dr. O'DOHERTY's travels, we perceive a real touch of the national humour in selecting him to return thanks for "the Irish at home and abroad." In acknowledging the toast the Doctor took occasion to mention that, "in 1848, when a medical student in Dublin, he plunged into the vortex of revolution." At this point a voice exclaimed "Try it again"; but the speaker's next sentence will be regarded by all candid persons as a sufficient justification for disregarding the advice. "He started a revolutionary journal, and the first leading article he wrote for it got him a sentence of ten years' exile." If Dr. O'DOHERTY tries anything again, he will be compelled to go in for something more serious than leading articles in order to attain his just rank in the counsels of the party. For we understand it to be a cause of considerable heartburnings that a junior rebel among his colleagues claims precedence over him on the ground that he (the junior rebel), although his political offence was of a later origin, has had sentence of death recorded against him. We can thoroughly sympathize, however, with Dr. O'DOHERTY's complaint that he was punished for merely suggesting that "his suffering compatriots had the first right to the harvest." That right has now been recognized by Gladstonian legislation, and the case of the convict of 1848 is even worse than that of the proverbial case of the man who has been punished for looking over the hedge while another has with impunity stolen the horse. He resembles a man who, after undergoing this punishment, has lived to see horse-stealing legalized. Funny, however, as Dr. O'DOHERTY was, he was less funny than Lord ASHBURNHAM, who began his speech by claiming a distinction almost as unique as that of a fellow "nobleman" from "Greece" who was exhibited in London some time ago. Lord ASHBURNHAM is not so much "ear-marked" as "tattooed" with the honour of "having presided at the first meeting ever held in Britain for the purpose of advocating justice to Ireland." After expressing a friendly regard for "the greatness, the unity, the peace, and prosperity" of the country, this remarkable Earl went on to say that "there was one word which was constantly thrown at the Irish people, and that was the word

"disloyalty." He knew no people in the whole world to whom it was less applicable than the Irish people. If he had read Irish history aright, all the sufferings of the Irish people had been brought about by their loyalty to "the British Crown." Respectful silence—or, at least, silence broken by no articulate sounds—is the only appropriate reception of such an adorable paradox as this. But from the inferences and corollaries which spring up from it we must turn resolutely aside. "That way madness lies." If all the sufferings of the Irish people have been brought about by their loyalty, what is the natural remedy? Why, there is the whole plot of a comic opera—which we present to Mr. GILBERT and Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN—in the answer. Obviously it is that the Irish people should secure their own happiness and at the same time maintain "the greatness, unity, peace, and prosperity" of the country by becoming less loyal. Some people may doubt the efficacy of the remedy, but we so far agree with Lord ASHBURNHAM that we think it highly probable that it will be tried.

While the Parliamentary patriots are indulging in these "high jinks" the business of seriously expounding the Home Rule policy has apparently been turned over to Mr. DAVITT. Young Oxford, which opens arms nowadays to revolutionaries of every stamp, hears this prophet gladly—or rather we should perhaps say that serious young Oxford hears him gladly; for light-minded young Oxford only compels him to be himself an unwilling hearer, for we are glad to learn that he was only "serenaded" and not screwed up, which would have been a proceeding to be regretted, even by those who cannot forget that Mr. DAVITT himself is endeavouring to subject the British Empire to a process which is very closely analogous to that known among sportive undergraduates as "making hay" in an unpopular fellow-student's rooms. The other young Oxford, however—the Oxford of the Russell Club—listens to all appearance sympathetically to Mr. DAVITT; and Mr. DAVITT accordingly has been encouraged to sketch out for us the details of a Home Rule system of government with a minuteness of detail upon which, as a rule, the Irish constitution-maker seldom ventures. We can hardly, however, congratulate him on the success of his exposition. His list of Ministers who would preside over departments of an Irish Executive strikes us as liable to the criticism pronounced by a modern logician on the Categories of ARISTOTLE. It is "both redundant and defective." To sport a "Land Minister" as well as an Agricultural Minister appears a useless piece of extravagance; and if Ireland can do without a Minister of Trade and Industry, we can only ask, as politely as Mr. CHUCKS, though, we confess, with much of that officer's disposition to increased emphasis as we go on, What on earth is the meaning of the most wearisomely iterated of all the wearisome complaints as to the condition of their country which Irish patriots have been dinning in our ears for the last generation? The "Finance Minister," the "Minister of Local Government," the "Minister of Public Works," the "Minister of Education"—these of course are officials that no nation "as is a nation" could be expected to do without; and though the somewhat vaguely named "officer for the maintenance of public order" puzzles us a little—perhaps, with the recollection of a recent incident in London before his mind, Mr. DAVITT thinks it would be unlucky to style him a Home Secretary—we ought, we suppose, to regard the inclusion of such a functionary in the list at all as a sign of grace. Mr. DAVITT's sketch of an Irish Executive in full working order is highly interesting; but, unfortunately, his account of the Home Rule system as a whole becomes obscure at the very culminating point of its interest. "There will always be a representative of the Crown in Ireland," which is nice to think of, and a "power of veto will be allowed." The last admission is a little wanting in particularity, and Mr. DAVITT must excuse us for saying that such a want in such a connexion is rather a serious one.

#### THE LORD HARRY.

WHEN will dramatic authors learn that the human mind is very limited in fancy and that all inventions have their coincidences? Here is Mr. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, for example, making himself unhappy by the hypothesis that a play of his own has, somehow, been decanted into *The Lord Harry*, now being acted at the Princess's. If Mr.



ALLINGHAM will devote several years to the study of mythology, he will find that all mankind, from Kamschatka to New South Wales, is always inventing the same stories with identical plots. We do not hear of the fur-clad Eskimo turning up in the Solomon Islands, turning over the myths of the sorcerers, and saying "Mine!" "Mine!" "Mine!" as he examines each article, like a well-known character in DICKENS. The Samoan with his wreath of flowers does not suddenly present himself in Finland or Central Africa and assert his copyright in popular tales. Yet all these unremunerative excursions might almost as well be made as a charge of plagiarism in common matters may be urged by one playwright against another.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT's account of the matter is that Mr. ALLINGHAM wrote a play called *Ashby Manor*, with the plot of which he is not even yet acquainted. But the play, which seems to have been offered to Mr. WILSON BARRETT, contained such original figures (so we gather) as the nice young Cavalier, the Puritan who is a hypocritical villain, and the rest. Apparently these persons help to populate *The Lord Harry*, as well as *Ashby Manor*, and *Woodstock*, and a piece played long ago by Mr. CHARLES KEAN, called *The Wife's Secret*. Why, what else can a dramatist do when he writes a play *temp. Carol. I.* or under the Commonwealth? Does any one expect the Cavalier to be a hypocritical villain, and the Puritan an honourable and gallant gentleman? The thing is absurd; the public would not stand it for a moment. Such originality is indecent, and even CHARLES KINGSLEY, who stood up for the decent Puritans in an essay, would never have given a crop-headed rascal the *beau rôle* in a play. That piece would, indeed, have been an example of *Théâtre impossible*. We shall have a dramatist indignant next because a rival introduces a wicked squire, an innocent country maiden, and a muscular, virtuous yeoman who cries, "Come on with thy fists, squire, if so be 'as you are a man!'" All these brilliant conceptions, like the orthodox Cavalier and Roundhead, are public property. It would be positively indelicate to invert the parts. Let us suppose a big rural lover who is a blackguard; let us fancy a local baronet whose intentions are honourable; let us imagine him befriending and wooing rural beauty and defending her from a dissipated farmer in top-boots; while an honest solicitor finally proves that the maid is *not* a countess in her own right, and the wicked yeoman is killed by the parish bull—why, the properly ordered fancy recoils from such liberties, such audacious liberties, taken with the traditions of our theatre. It is as if M. FEUILLET, in *La Mort*, had introduced us to a heroine of noble birth and Catholic creed, who is a rowdy, dissipated young woman (such things have happened in real life), while the Freethinking Darwinian heroine is an angel of self-denial, purity, and general excellence. M. FEUILLET would never venture on such an experiment.

This, then, is the dilemma of the dramatist and novelist. If he is original, the disgusted public repudiates with indignation what they have never been accustomed to expect. If he is conventional, all the other dramatists and novelists point to the fair saint, the wicked earl, the virtuous bumpkin, the hidden will, the secret passage, and shriek out "That's 'mine!'" It seems hard on Mr. WILSON BARRETT and the rest; but they must remember that they are but men, and recall the advice of NICIAS, "Others before us were human, and bore things that had to be endured."

#### THE SERVICES.

TO the satisfaction of every man of common sense, the puzzlement of Sir W. HARCOURT, and the tearful grief of Mr. ILLINGWORTH, the Estimates both for the navy and the army show an increase. They could have been made larger and no harm done; but, after the rumours which were flying about a few days ago, it was somewhat in the nature of a surprise to find that there had not been an attempt to cut them down to below the indispensable minimum. Further, since it is as well to make the most of a good thing when you have it, the increase in the case of both services has been in the right direction. The navy has got more ships and the army more men, which is a good thing as far as it goes. That it goes far enough we are very far from believing. Nor do we suppose that any one else does, except Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. ILLINGWORTH. The junior member for Derby has become

so thoroughly Chancellor of the Exchequer that he, for his part, cannot see why thirteen millions odd should not be enough for the navy. It is a large sum of money, and is more than was given a few years ago, and therefore it must be enough. Such is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's view, and it is in all respects worthy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, by right of his office, is privileged to look only at what is being spent, and not at the work to be done. The House, in both of the debates which have taken place this week, showed that it can approve of the outlay; and there is no fear that the country, which knows it runs a considerable risk of being called upon to find a hundred and fifty millions for a purpose which will nowise add to its strength, will grudge a very much smaller amount for its first and most important line of defence. Happily the recent addition to the yearly outlay on the navy was forced on a Liberal Ministry by the anxiety of the country. No more fortunate event has happened to the navy for years, and the shipbuilding votes are tolerably safe from tinkering for the present.

When a comparison is made between what is actually being done and what, according to very fair judges, ought to be done, there is of course vastly less ground for satisfaction. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD drew, for instance, a picture of the navy as it ought to be, which is calculated to make those who are inclined to accept him as an authority (among whom we count ourselves) very little satisfied with the navy as it is. He somewhat hampered himself by making his amendment a proposal to find the necessary supplies by suspending the Sinking Fund. Only the pedants of finance need feel called upon to express indignation at the idea of touching the sacred Sinking Fund. The great majority of the country will quite agree with Lord CHARLES that it is a matter of supreme indifference whether the National Debt is paid off in one hundred years or in one hundred and two. Posterity may very well be called upon to bear its share in the burden of paying for national defences by which it will profit as much as the present generation. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's fear of setting a bad example to the faddmangers seems excessive. Faddists may be implicitly trusted to lay hands on any fund they can get hold of to do mischief with without waiting till it has been drawn on for a rational purpose. But, though there is no fault to find with Lord CHARLES BERESFORD's financial scheme considered in itself, he was ill advised in bringing it forward. The official and unofficial partisans of the do-as-little-as-you-can policy were sure to seize upon the financial side of the question and burk the naval. Under cover of reasons for not finding money for the navy in a certain way they could escape the necessity of facing the question whether it ought not to be found. It was a pity Lord CHARLES BERESFORD gave them the opportunity. His own speech was the most valuable contribution to the whole discussion on the state of the navy which has been made for many a day. Mr. ILLINGWORTH must, indeed, have felt more keenly than ever, while he was listening to Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, how much it is to be desired that military and naval officers should be put to silence in the House. It has been too much the habit, both with sailors and landmen, when discussing the actual and the proper strength of the navy, to treat the work of the service, as it were, in the lump; to speak of the enormous amount of work it has to do, and of the insufficient means supplied. They are always mainly in the right, we believe, and have believed; but generalities of this kind are apt to convey a very confused impression, and, what is worse, to lead themselves to the exaggerations which have done more to delay the victory of common sense in naval matters than all the arguments of the parrot species of economists, or the unwillingness of the taxpayer to be taxed. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD went another way to work. He took the various stations, and showed what number of ships of a certain class would be needed for service on them in time of war. He then summed up the total, and showed how much it exceeded the actual number of ships of the class we actually possess. In the case of the cruisers, to take only one instance, he arrived at unpleasant results. "In the Channel," he believed, "we ought to have 12, in the Mediterranean 8, on the North American station 5, on the South American 3, on the West Coast of Africa 2, in the Pacific 4, on the China 12—that sounded a great deal, but the French had 17 vessels in the Chinese waters—in Australia 5, the Cape 4, on the East India station 5—which brought the total up to 60; whereas we had only got 40." Now Lord CHARLES BERESFORD may be right or wrong in his estimate. In the

case of China we incline to think that he puts his figure far too high. The temporary presence of a strong French squadron in Chinese waters at a time when France is at peace with England is no indication of what would be the case when the French had the Channel and the Mediterranean to guard also. Still, if we are ever to arrive at a definite understanding as to what the navy really requires to make it sufficiently strong, it will be by examining details in this way; and whether Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is right or is wrong in the application, he has undoubtedly adopted the right method. For the rest the answers made to him will do little to diminish the effect of his speech. Sir E. J. REED supported the Admiralty by pointing out that he himself now has an office, that two ships are about to be built with armoured ends, which is according to his ideas, and that if he is pacified the country may feel safe. Sir THOMAS BRASSEY strove to show how little need there was to be afraid for the coaling stations, and proved how good their condition is by an argument worthy of himself. The sea, he reminded the House, will always be covered with English coalers, and so our squadrons will have plenty of coal, and so, we imagine, will the enemies' cruisers.

The annual Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting is what the Reports of that officer usually are. It will be perfectly satisfactory to people who think it enough to be told of the recruits that, as a rule, the men are as good men as ever entered HER MAJESTY'S service; "but they" are taken young, and must be given time to mature." Major-General BULWER has a way of stating facts plainly which ought to have materially interfered with his promotion, but has not, and probably because he has the admirable discretion to leave his readers to draw their deductions. Of course, if it be understood that a short-service army can afford to consist to the extent of a third or a half of its nominal effective of immature men, then there is no harm in taking them. General BULWER says nothing on that point; but he probably thinks the more. Neither, if you believe that it is not safe to have an army formed so largely of boys, and that the duty of a Reserve is to supplement the first line, not to replace the young heroes who must be left at home to mature in war-time, will you find from this Report whether or no the Inspector-General of Recruiting is of your opinion. After all, it is not his business to think for the great public. The most agreeable statement in his Report is that men enough, such as they are, have been found to fill the ranks in this past year. The army has increased by 11,921 men during the last twelve months, and of these 9,314 were recruits. The balance of 2,107 was supplied by the Reserve, which, of course, will be the weaker by just that number of seasoned soldiers. The reports of officers in the different districts are all in the now familiar tone. One and all they agree in saying in general terms that the recruits will do as a rule, but that they are woefully small, and generally too weak for severe work. This sort of thing will be satisfactory or not just according as the public is prepared to attach most importance to vague expressions of approval by men who have a professional dislike to making a useless fuss, or to direct statements showing that this or the other branch of the service cannot get a proper quality of recruits. Perhaps it is hopeless to insist on this point, and a wise regard for our comfort will induce all good Englishmen to look at the favourable points of the Report, which are that numbers of recruits have come in and that the regiments are showing a tendency to become territorial in fact as well as in theory.

#### POCKET LITERATURE.

THE shilling dreadful, for which form of railway reading there is much to be said, has not been allowed to reign long without a rival. The classics of our native land are permitted by the kindness of several publishers to compete with the light stories of the day. Taste, human nature, and the discomforts of railway travelling being what they are, the ephemeral novelist will probably have the best of it. But, at all events, there will in future be free competition through the medium of those great "monopolists," Messrs. SMITH & SONS. Messrs. CASSELL, for instance, have published two little volumes of SCOTT'S poems, price one shilling each, uniform with their previous editions of MILTON, WORDSWORTH, and LONGFELLOW. LONGFELLOW is perhaps a little out of place in such illustrious company. But no one is the worse for the society of his betters, and there are plenty of people

who cannot afford to pay for expensive bindings, and yet can appreciate a writer at his proper value. The Scotch ploughman in a third-class carriage, who suddenly put down his book, and observed that LONGFELLOW "was na just the fairst 'o' poets," could read him with moderate satisfaction nevertheless. Either of the volumes of SCOTT to which we have referred would go comfortably into any reasonable pocket, and the type is clear and good. Unfortunately sacrifices have been made to space, and these include *Rokeby* and the *Lord of the Isles*. Messrs. CASSELL, however, do not confine themselves to poetry. For the modest sum of threepence any reader may now purchase in LANGHORNE'S translation PLUTARCH'S parallel lives of ALEXANDER the Great and JULIUS CÆSAR. There is the precedent of SHAKESPEARE for reading PLUTARCH in a translation, even a second-hand translation; for Sir THOMAS NORTH followed the French of AMYOT, who, according to MONTAIGNE, taught PLUTARCH to speak that tongue. Uniform with PLUTARCH and for the same price we have the two most famous of SHERIDAN'S Plays. What a parallel! Only the desperate ingenuity of PLUTARCH himself could draw the comparison here. These of course are covered with paper, and can be stuffed in anywhere. They are clearly printed, and threepence would not be very much to give for a single perusal of the *Rivals* and the *School for Scandal*, which even Mr. COBDEN, in spite of his opinion as to "the works of THUCYDIDES," would probably have acknowledged to be worth a copy of the *Times*, outer sheet included. Then we have *Childe Harold*, also for threepence, and also pleasant to the eye and hand. Colonel NEWCOME was puzzled at the neglect into which BYRON had fallen, and Mr. SWINBURNE has more recently attacked him armed in his usual panoply of superlatives. But the world, as the "noble poet" put it himself, has made up its mind that "By is a glorious boy"; and what stronger proof of it could there be than that sixty years after his death his most famous poem is sold for threepence? Professor MORLEY, who edits Messrs. CASSELL'S "National Library," judiciously abstains from many introductory remarks to *Childe Harold*. The *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* is offered by the same publishers for the same sum, together with ISAAC WALTON'S *Complete Angler*, a collection of HUGH LATIMER'S Sermons, and HENRY MACKENZIE'S *Man of Feeling*. To the *Man of Feeling* Mr. MORLEY has prefixed an elaborate, and quite unnecessary, "Index to Tears." MACAULAY, by way of a joke, jotted down the number of fainting-fits which befel each character in one of the trashy novels he amused himself by reading. But a joke may be carried too far, as Baron ALDERSON said to the man who explained that he had taken a pair of boots from a shop as a joke and was found in possession of them three miles away.

While Messrs. CASSELL have a "National Library," Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have a "World Library." But Messrs. ROUTLEDGE'S efforts are not quite so successful as Messrs. CASSELL'S. SOUTHEY'S *Life of Nelson* would, indeed, be a wonderful threepennyworth. But Mr. JOSEPH ALLEN'S, abridged by the Reverend HUGH REGINALD HAWES, is less interesting, and the type would be very trying to any but short-sighted people. The type of the same publishers' threepenny GOLDSMITH is a little larger, but not large enough for ordinary eyes, especially when the express train from Manchester makes travellers' haunches stir, as it did Mr. BROWNING'S neighbours, and gave Mr. BROWNING a hint for a rhyme. Moreover, we do not much care to know that, in the opinion of Mr. HAWES, GOLDSMITH'S "unsteadiness of life and indiscriminate charity involved him in constant difficulties." Enough of his failings! said Dr. JOHNSON, in a sentence which should be final. "Enough of his failings! he was a very great man." Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, we should say, offer the public the choice of paper or boards. The *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* from the same house is, with the exception of Mr. MORLEY'S Introduction, admirably printed. But it is of an inconvenient size, owing to the unnecessary incorporation with the *Confessions* of DE QUINCEY'S *Lives of SHAKESPEARE and GOETHE*. Mr. WALTER SCOTT issues in the "Canterbury Poets" a selection, apparently judicious, from WALT WHITMAN'S *Leaves of Grass*. One beautiful little book of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE'S we have kept for the end. This is a tiny edition of MACAULAY'S "Lays," which, in the language of Mr. PATER, may be called "gem-like." It is the seventh volume of ROUTLEDGE'S "Pocket Library," and is almost perfect in every way. The binding is in excellent taste. The poems are clearly printed on smooth and substantial paper. There is no introduction, note, or comment of any kind except MACAULAY'S OWN. We



have already praised the series generally, and this volume is a capital specimen of it. Perhaps the sanguine may venture to hope that these cheap publications will induce people, especially the youth of these islands, to read books more and books about books less.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S IRISH RECORD.

IT is a truly melancholy and alarming subject for reflection at the present crisis in our national history that the very considerations which ought of themselves to be most constantly present to the public mind and most irresistibly decisive of its resolves are precisely those which most need enforcement, in season and out of season, by every honest counsellor of the nation. In the whole of the eloquent and impressive speech delivered by Mr. PLUNKET at Devizes there was no point on which it should have been more superfluous, and was in fact more urgently necessary, to insist, than that of Mr. GLADSTONE's special disqualification to deal with the question which he has taken up to such malign purpose. That the great mass of ignorant electors to whom he stands in the precise relation of a medicine-man to a North American Indian—that these unfortunate dupes of their own undisciplined faculty of wonder should accept him as the fittest person to "settle" the Irish question in the Separatist sense, or to attempt any other like feat of political magic, is natural enough. But that men possessing the function of public instructors, men with even the provincial journalist's mere familiarity with events, and, at the very least, with newspaper files at hand wherewith to refresh their memories, should write with the fatuity which they display on this subject would be incredible if it were not of daily occurrence. It is only a day or two ago that one of these sages solemnly adjured Mr. CHAMBERLAIN not to weaken the hands of the "only statesman who can get us out of the Irish dilemma." On the occasion by which this exhortation was called forth—the occasion, that is to say, of a conflict of view between one Liberal luminary and another—there could be no possible question of party insincerity; the appeal must have been honestly idiotic, the folly of absolute good faith. The writer must have seriously believed that, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN differs from Mr. GLADSTONE on an issue of Irish policy, Mr. GLADSTONE is in all probability right and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in all probability wrong. Yet, if the question were one of the capabilities and chances of a racehorse, the most incompetent of "turf analysts" would blush to affix his mysterious pseudonym to any implied opinion so contemptibly inept. Why, if Mr. GLADSTONE had succeeded as brilliantly as he blundered hideously in every other department of his policy during the last five years of his administration, his Irish record would still be sufficient, so far as the great question of the day is concerned, to raise every possible presumption against the wisdom of any counsels of which he is the author.

"If Mr. GLADSTONE now stands alone," said Mr. PLUNKET the other night, "as he practically does, in his voluntary alliance with Mr. PARNELL upon this Home Rule question, he not only stands alone in this respect, but also he is of all living statesmen the one to whom we can look with least confidence to deal disinterestedly and successfully with this fearfully difficult and critical problem. How often has he approached the task of healing Irish discontent and lawlessness? How often has he promised the English people that each new nostrum would effectually remedy the disease? How often has he been obliged to admit the disappointment of his hopes? Can any one deny the total failure of these attempts to reconcile the disaffected classes in Ireland to the Imperial connexion? No one can or does deny it in express terms; and yet it is implicitly denied in every new appeal which is made by Radical journalists and Radical orators to the nation to pin their faith to Mr. GLADSTONE as "the only statesman who can get us out of the Irish dilemma." It is not as though the merits of his Irish policy in the past were a matter of opinion, even such sort of a matter of opinion as would allow an exceptionally perverse or audacious disputant to maintain the contrary of Mr. PLUNKET's propositions. It is a question of fact—of patent, stubborn, unalterable fact. The proof of the pudding is in the impossibility of eating it—an impossibility long since made manifest. Mr. GLADSTONE for twenty years past has simply never yet been right on the subject of Ireland. From 1868 onwards he, and he alone, has had the treatment

of her and her condition; he has grown steadily worse from that time down to the present hour. He believed that the Disestablishment of the Irish Church would conciliate Irish discontent; and he was wrong. He believed that the Land Act of 1870 would do so; he was wrong again. He passed the Land Act of 1881, and was then more confident than ever that he had done the business; and a third time his confidence proved to be absolutely illusory. The Arrears Act became law, amid the same sanguine expectations, and with the same results. And now he is about to offer another "boon" which he promises the English public shall be strictly limited by reservations, and which he is expressly told by those he is seeking to conciliate will not be accepted by them as sufficient if these reservations are imposed or until they are removed. Yet this, according to his besotted admirers, is "the only statesman who can get us out of the Irish dilemma."

#### THE REFORM OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

HUMAN misfortunes are rarely without their compensations, and we will not deny, therefore, that the last election has had at least one good result. It has served to convert the most obstinate of doubters to what used to be the unpopular opinion that the difficulty of getting forward with public business in the House of Commons was not a question of malicious obstruction—Irish or other—alone. Those who had most carefully studied men and manners in successive Parliaments were the most firmly convinced that other causes of a progressively energetic character were at work, and that even the removal of Mr. PARNELL and his following would not remove the necessity of modifying Parliamentary procedure with a view to the expedition of public business. Every now and then, it is true, a state of circumstances arose which tended to discredit this view and to give plausibility to the other; but the secret of the apparent contradiction has always been found to yield itself up without much resistance to the inquirer. Last autumn, for instance, when a Ministry of mismanagement gave way to one of high administrative capacity, while at the same time the Parnellites assumed for reasons of their own a neutral attitude, it was commonly said that nothing was needed to restore Parliament to pristine powers of work but that the Irish should cease to obstruct, and that the House of Commons should be led by men who understood how to lead it. Nor, of course, do we deny that the concurrence of these conditions, negative and positive, had then, as it always would have, an important effect. But those who attributed the gratifying phenomenon observed during the months of July and August to the above-named causes alone, forgot that other causes very powerfully tending to clear the path of Parliament proceeding, were at the same time in operation. It was not only the end of a Session, but the end of a Parliament; and the "active" member was either busily engaged in electioneering, or else, undesirous or despairing of re-election, had no gallery of constituents to play to.

The character and demeanour of a Parliament, in fact, must be judged from observations taken of it in the "morning and not in the evening of its days." You must count its budding ambitions and not their withered stalks, in order to estimate the coming crop of "speeches to Buncombe"; and no one, we think, who has taken even a cursory survey of the new House of Commons can possibly doubt that the crop will be of a rank luxuriance indeed. The young ambitions indeed are crowding and jostling each other as they sprout, like shrubs planted in too confined a space. New members are "all speaking at once," and for at least two or three Sessions—that is, until those with the worse lungs and luck begin to "tail off"—they will probably continue speaking, in a figurative sense, all together. In short, and as we said at the outset, the constitution of the new House ought to have convinced even the steadiest opponents of further change in Parliamentary procedure that, unless something more is done in that direction, the House of Commons will simply be converted into a vast platform for the self-advertisement of pushing nobodies. Further restraint upon these persons, as indeed the late Government showed no hesitation in recognizing, has become urgently necessary; and every specific scheme of reform must in the first instance, at any rate, be judged with reference to its probable efficacy in imposing such restraint. It should put the right sort of check on the right people; a feat, unfortunately, which is far from easy to perform, although we think that the recommendations of

the Government—based in a great measure on those of their predecessors—may, in the hands of the Select Committee on Procedure, be more or less safely shaped to this desirable end. Mr. GLADSTONE, it will be observed, has adopted, and even extended, the boldest of the proposals of the late Government—that of delegating the power of the Committee of the whole House to a number of Standing Committees, after the model of those created in 1882 for the special subjects of law and trade. Since the Government propose that there should be five of these Committees appointed at the commencement of every Session, it is to be assumed that they contemplate the delegation to these bodies of the greater number of legislative measures, only Bills of the first order of magnitude being reserved for consideration in the Committee of the whole House. The change of procedure would no doubt, if adopted, have an important effect in diminishing opportunities for self-display. It will be impossible for newspapers to give more than the very briefest reports of the proceedings of five Standing Committees, all at work together; and accordingly the member for the South-Western (or Tooley Street) Division of Little Pedlington will, as the member of one of these Committees, have much less inducement to talk than he has at present in Committee of the whole House. No doubt, too, the detail work of legislation will in consequence be much better done than it is now. The only doubt is whether when it comes back to the full House it will be accepted without the re-opening and re-arguing of decided questions; and as to this we confess that the very extent of the new proposals suggests some misgiving. We greatly doubt, that is to say, whether it is possible to give work to five Standing Committees without handing over to them business which experience has shown that it is useless to attempt to delegate. As a general rule, it may be said, we think, that no considerable measure of which the principle has been at all seriously and energetically opposed on the second reading can be sent with any advantage to a Standing Committee. The battle of principle is renewed, or at least it will be if the Committees are fairly constituted, in form of amendments; and it is unreasonable to expect that the decision of a Committee, with a quorum of fifteen, upon such amendments would be accepted without a renewal of the struggle when the Bill is reported to the House. "Devolution," in short, as Mr. GLADSTONE prefers to call it, succeeds well enough with what may be called uncontentious legislation—with measures of complicated or technical detail, which have no violent differences on points of principle; and if the jurisdiction of the Standing Committees is restricted to this class of measures, they will no doubt work successfully. But if their jurisdiction is to be so restricted, we fail to see how so many as five such Committees could be required.

We have devoted thus much space to this recommendation of the Government because it is in our opinion incomparably the most important. But several of the others are well worth the attention of the Select Committee on Procedure. The next in importance to that which we have above discussed at length is the proposal, adopted from the late Government, to alter the hour of meeting on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays from four o'clock to two P.M. It will certainly be necessary, if this proposal is adopted, to take it with the corollary which the present Government have engrafted on it—namely, that the same business that was under discussion at the rising of the House at seven o'clock shall be resumed at nine; otherwise the new rule would simply be turned to the purposes of "talking-out." But we confess to having our doubts whether the nominal addition of two hours in the afternoon at the commencement of Parliamentary sittings, with an adjournment from seven o'clock to nine, would really prove to be any more than an illusory gain of working-time. The human faculty of attention—especially of attention to one of the most tedious forms of business—is limited, and our own suspicion is that the chief result of the proposed alteration of Parliamentary hours would be that the House would be counted out occasionally at two in the afternoon, and very often indeed at nine o'clock at night.

#### THE IDES OF MARCH.

WERE a soothsayer to meet a modern landlord and bid him "Beware the Ides of March," the latter, instead of scoffing at the warning, would probably reply that, so far as "Bewareing" went, he had been at it the whole winter. Few, but happy

indeed, are the owners of the soil who can contemplate the approach of Lady Day (which is near enough to the Ides of March, and, allowing for the lost eleven days, almost coincides with them) without dread. The unfortunate many need no seer to tell what is in store for them. For the last few weeks it has been their lot to receive applications for reduction of rent from most, if not all, the tenants on their estates. These demands having been duly considered and answered, the concessions are generally received with a great deal more than less dissatisfaction—those to whom much has been given being angry with themselves for not having asked for more; those to whom only a portion of their requisition has been granted being furious at what they consider grossly illiberal treatment.

A period of ominous calm then ensues before the notices to quit arrive, during which time the bloated oppressor may reflect on how he has sped in letting such holdings as are to become vacant on the forthcoming 25th of March; to speculate upon how long he can meet fixed charges with an income decreasing by half-yearly leaps and bounds; and to bestir himself in the final arrangements with the incoming occupiers, if he has been lucky enough to find them. Of the unlucky days thus occupied let us take one as a sample of the rest.

The agreement as to rent—not destined to enjoy a long or untroubled existence—has been verbally made, and on an appointed day the incomer and outgoer, with their respective valuers, the estate agent, and the landlord, if he takes practical interest in such matters, meet to go over the farm together.

The departing welcomes the coming guest with an odd mixture of cordiality and suspicion. If an old hand at the game, he may, with a favourable season, have fed off two or three green crops in a field; he has certainly done as much cultivation as his horses could manage, unless the owner has previously paid blackmail for redemption from the plough on "that there field as I laid down myself" and "that pasture as I was to have broke up instead, when I fust took to the farm."

Meanwhile the face of the incomer grows more lugubrious as he watches the two experts noting these items in their books with such friendly interchange of remarks as "Two ploughings," "Fifteen load of dung to the acre, did you say, sir?" &c., for are not all these things to be charged in the bill of tenant-right? but is a little inclined to open mutiny when a meadow sparsely strewn with bits of old thatch and fragments of stained hay is indicated as a field which has received a heavy top-dressing, or when "once dragged" is claimed for a wheatfield the edges of whose furrows are standing as sharp as when the plough left them. He is, however, partly pacified by the reminder of the agent that "these gentlemen" (the valuers) "know their business, and we had best leave them alone," and partly soothed by the reflection that, if the worst comes to the worst, he will make the landlord pay twenty per cent. of the valuation before signing anything. This idea having also occurred to the outgoer saves his conscience on the score of overreaching his fellow-man, landlords not being included in that category.

The owner meanwhile, about as unhappy as it is possible for a man to be, stalks dejectedly somewhat in rear of the party, ever and anon rousing himself to an overstrained effort at hilarity, scorned of both combatants, very sceptical in his mind as to the vast improvement in the land so loudly claimed by the outgoer as the result of his own skill and industry, yet nowise flattered by the muttered "What a state it must have been in afore" which he hears fall from the lips of his prospective tenant.

What astonishes him most and delights him least is hearing for the first time the unflattering nomenclature of the various fields; for every field has a name as surely as it has a number on the tithe-map.

"Rotten Leases," "The Poor Ground," "Starvation," "Soaking Hole," "Cold Harbour," &c., are named with fiendish zest by the man who is about to leave these ominously-sounding acres. "Luck's Garden," "Warm Close," and "Fat Mead," if such exist, are never mentioned; and the desponding landowner falls to wondering whether any of his forebears can have been such idiots as to bestow these hideous appellations, or whether a series of malignant tenants have stood as the bad fairy godfathers.

The rickyard reached, all is, of course, perfection, and the spirits of the landlord revive on hearing that "Rotten Leases" & Co. are capable of producing the best hay and straw in two counties; yet is his joy cut short by the prompt declaration of the incomer that "he not a-going to take to all that stuff," followed by a brisk appeal on the part of the outgoer to be allowed to sell nearly everything off the farm, as some small reimbursement for losses during his disastrous tenancy; while the new man, to whom this discussion is of slight interest, takes the opportunity of remarking that "the walls be down in a many places, and he supposes they'll be put all straight."

It having been duly noted *en passant* that "there don't seem to be a good gate about the place, and that they must be seen to at once, now the summer's coming on," the direst ordeal of all, the inspection of farm-buildings and homestead, is approached, as well it may be, with the gravest apprehensions.

About the former nothing is right. If the pig-sties are near the dairy they will taint the milk, and must be moved farther off. If at some little distance it is impossible to feed the pigs, and their abode must be brought handier, or a lactednet constructed. The whey-vault always leaks, and is so foul as to be useless if it held. The sheds appear suddenly to have wheeled round, and all face to the north, their tiles are off, and their timbers rotting. The stables,



cart and nag, require repitching, and the yards "staneing." The barn, perhaps, would not be so much amiss with new doors and floor, and the addition of a cake and meal-house; while an implement shed, and another place to keep a bull in, are matters of such immediate necessity that their setting in hand can on no account be postponed. These demands are cordially approved and endorsed by the outgoing tenant, who stoutly avers that they are just what he always said the place wanted, while agent and owner palliate, parry, or promise with as good a grace as they can command.

Last comes the turn of the house itself, and the cup of misery which the landlord must drain to the dregs is filled to overflowing. It goes without saying that the house is as dirty and untidy as a place only can be about which the resident has ceased to trouble himself for the last twelve months. If the kitchen and parlour floors are of brick or stone, as was formerly the almost universal fashion in England, wood must at once be substituted. If of wood, they are damp and rotten, must be taken up and renovated, the soil excavated, joists relaid, and air shafts let into the foundation wall. The offices or business part of the premises must play a game of post. The brewhouse must change places with the dairy, and the back kitchen with the pantry, any objection on the score of expense being met with the consolatory rejoinder that, as the boilers and oven are thoroughly worthless, the difference in cost of putting up the new ones in fresh places will be hardly appreciable, and—stereotyped phrase for wanton expenditure—"will be sure to pay well in the long run." The pumps are also in the wrong place, and will have to be moved, but this, unless it involves the sinking of new wells, is not really a matter of much importance, since, in consequence of some unexplained law of hydraulics, no farmhouse pump ever does work properly for more than a fortnight at a time; and as (despite any agreement that the tenant shall keep all such things in repair) the estate plumber has to be in constant attendance, it signifies but little whether the invalid pump has to be restored by internal treatment or change of air.

On the upper floors matters are even worse; the staircase, though pronounced rickety, may do—but the bedrooms, "Well, they be uncommon damp to be sure," says the tenant, and damp they are, for the paper is peeling in strips from dark-stained angles, as if the walls were built of canvas. By this time the landlord is too stupefied to do more than marvel how a house which was thoroughly done up some half-dozen years ago, and which he imagined to be completely water-tight, can have turned into a sieve, till the agent, whose senses are not deadened by any prospect of individual loss, discovers that the spouting has become so choked with moss and leaves, which five minutes' work would at any time have removed, that the rain has had no alternative but to get into the rooms. The chimneys are all said to smoke, and a hole must be knocked in one of the party walls so that the governess's room may communicate with that of the children. After the cheese-room, attics, and roof have been thoroughly condemned, the party once more descend to discuss the unpardonable omission of bells throughout the building. Once more yielding the point, and nearly choking over the suppression of an inquiry as to how many footmen in powder the new tenant purposes keeping, the proud proprietor sees the moment of his delivery drawing near; shaking hands with his company, he prepares to depart by the garden, his attention being casually drawn to the paved footpath, which appears to have been laid in the track of a recurrent earthquake. He is actually closing the gate behind him, and already seems to breathe more freely, when a hasty footstep is heard, and a voice saying, "One more little thing, sir, hardly worth naming, perhaps, but no doubt you wouldn't mind cutting down that there elm, sir" (the pride and glory of the place and a landmark for miles round)—"Mr. Leaver, sir, he tells me as it do drip shameful on the top of that old apple-tree, sir." Smothering his wrath, and muttering something about "a little late in the year to cut more timber," limp and crestfallen the landlord slinks off with his man of business, to comfort himself with the reflection that he belongs to that select but all-powerful body, the landowners of England, and also to ponder on the probable cost of the Ides of March.

#### HOW MR. WOODHEAD WENT HOME TO HIS TEA.

IT is reported on good authority that in serious Radical circles importance of something the same kind as that historically attached to the shoe-ribbons of the rigid Minister Roland is expected to be assigned by the impartial future to Mr. Woodhead's Tea. Although the results of that memorable meal were less immediately triumphant than those of Roland's breach of etiquette (for the rigid Minister did get into the presence, and Mr. Woodhead did not get into the lobby), there is good hope that not only the House of Lords, but late dinners, the practice of making jests on political matters, and other trappings and habits of a brutal aristocracy, will date their sentence of abolition from the day when Joseph Woodhead, member for the Spen Valley Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, was prevented by the levity of Mr. Labouchere and the demands of exhausted nature from recording his vote against the Upper House. It has often been regretted by historians that momentous incidents of this kind have not been more fully recorded and discussed by contemporaries. Let us set a better example, and devote a couple of columns to seeing how Mr. Woodhead went home to his tea:—To be strictly accurate, we are not quite certain whether he went home or not, though it would appear possible by the story.

It is very well known that on Friday fortnight the courageous member for Northampton summoned the House of Lords in one of the usual blasts of his wild and facetious horn. In the division list the name of Joseph Woodhead, member for the Spen Valley division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, was searched for by eager eyes in that haunt of modern Radicalism where of yore Robin Hood (a person not at all likely to look on modern Radicalism with favour, despite a superficial community of views as to ransom) did sojourn. But the politicians of the Spen Valley looked for Joseph Woodhead as vainly as the ladies looked for Sir Patrick Spens. This was not to be borne, and Mr. Joshua Leadbetter, of Heckmondwike, wrote to the erring delegate to remark that "a Radical constituency like the Spen Valley should not be lost in a division of that kind." The words of Mr. Joseph Leadbetter, of Heckmondwike, may be thought a little oddly chosen, for we do not quite know how a constituency can be "lost" like a purse or a pocket-book "in a division"; but the meaning of Mr. Joseph Leadbetter, of Heckmondwike, is clear. There have been times (those, for instance, in which the eminent Mr. Gregebury adorned the House) when Mr. Joseph Woodhead would have requested Mr. Joshua Leadbetter, of Heckmondwike, to betake himself to Hull, Halifax, or, if he preferred, the other place commemorated in the Yorkshire triad, and to mind his own business. But that is not the way in which good Radical members nowadays treat a constituency like the Spen Valley. It is all very well for Mr. Gladstone to be "indisposed" and go to bed when uncomfortable deputations of Scotch working-men come to tell him inconvenient facts about the union of the three kingdoms. The relations between Radical members and their own constituents are of quite a different kind from this Gladstonian cold shoulder. Mr. Woodhead wrote at once to Mr. Leadbetter and explained. The explanation throws a lurid light on the kind of hard labour with half rations which forms the lot of the Radical member of Parliament. On the morning of the fateful Friday Mr. Woodhead rose, breakfasted, and spent the morning "writing in connexion with his Parliamentary work," which is a little vague, but highly creditable. Then he went to the Home Office on similar business, which is ditto ditto. But, with the previous statements, it explains his morning engagements in a manner which should be satisfactory even to the exacting curiosity of the Spen Valley (only, we think, he should have said what he had for breakfast). "Soon after that" [this is loose, and the Spen Valley should see to it] it was time for Mr. Woodhead to go to the House of Commons, where he sat until betwixt six and seven o'clock. "As I had not been able to have a dinner [the indefinite article is very nice], or anything but a few biscuits, I was becoming somewhat faint for want of food." In fact, Mr. Woodhead—who describes his condition with infinite simplicity and pathos—was in the exact condition of the immortal Twemlow—"man faint; had no lunch." To the corrupt Londoner it may, indeed, seem odd that Mr. Woodhead should have even contemplated "a dinner" before "six or seven o'clock"; but the hardy natives of the North partake of that meal not long post meridiem, and a few biscuits make, no doubt, a poor substitute, though it is what not a few metropolitan criminals (mistakenly as we hold) content themselves with. However, when a man feels faint for want of food, the most sensible, as well as the most agreeable, course for him is undoubtedly to go and feed; and this, after due inquiry whether it would be safe, Mr. Woodhead did. He vanishes from view from "betwixt six and seven o'clock" to ten minutes before half-past seven, up to which latter time he had been informed that the destruction of the House of Lords would not be consummated. He returned no longer faint, but like a Woodhead refreshed with tea, only to be shut out, to lose the chance of dealing a swashing blow at the House of Lords, and to expose himself to the cutting reproach of the Spen Valley in general and Mr. Joshua Leadbetter, of Heckmondwike, in particular. This seems to have put Mr. Woodhead in a very bad temper, and he vents it (to think of the injustice of the man!) on the mild and guileless head of Mr. Labouchere himself. The collapse of the debate which saved the House of Lords from Mr. Woodhead's vote was, it seems, in two ways due to Mr. Labouchere. "He made a grave mistake in treating the question as a good joke," and "many Liberals were both disappointed and disgusted at his treatment." On the other hand, the wicked Tories, disdainful wretches that they are, "did not care to fight a prolonged jest merely." So the shut-out members were very much disappointed, and "if Labouchere could have heard what was said of him by some of the warmest supporters of the motion, he would not have been gratified." Perhaps the funniest thing is that "Labouchere," who would, one would have thought, have taken this ebullition of temper on the part of the tea-fed but untold Mr. Woodhead as another very good joke, evidently was not gratified. He wrote a rather waspish letter to the *Times* (which the *Times*, oddly enough, did not print for three days) to shelter himself under a Scriptural precedent. Mr. Labouchere has found in a book which is his favourite study that Elijah made some jokes on Baal to the priests of that deity before demolishing him and them, and he imitated the procedure. That was all.

Now there is a good deal of fun of a mild and chastened kind in all this. To begin with, it must be remembered that the abolition of dinner-hours and other understood, if irregular, close times in which a man is in no danger of having to choose between Messer Gaster and his other master, the Caucus, is supposed to be due chiefly to ardent Radicals like Mr. Woodhead himself. They are in such a desperate state of zeal, in such a tremendous hurry to vote and disestablish something, that everything is knocked out

of time and arrangement. Again, the picture of Mr. Woodhead's happy day, his morning of writing (very likely to the identical Mr. Leadbetter, to explain in the matter of some precedent wiggling); his visit to the Home Office, in the interests of the Spen Valley, of course; his failure-of-a-dinner, not only as dry as a remainder biscuit, but actually consisting of nothing better than one or two; his sticking to the House of Lords till in sheer faintness he had to seek not an aldermanic feast, but the modest tea and cakes of home (it would be interesting to know whether the Spen Valley likes marmalade with its muffins; they do in some parts of Yorkshire, and excellent the combination is)—all this is very touching. But most touching as well as most instructive of all is the wrath of the earnest Radicals with that wicked Mr. Labouchere. It is, indeed, no news that there is nothing that your thoroughgoing Radical hates like a joke. To do him justice, he very rarely makes one himself (we need hardly say that Mr. Labouchere is in any real sense about as much of a Radical as he is of a Legitimist), he does not understand it when it is made, and he has a horrible and on the whole well-founded suspicion that his own person, creed, and general belongings are very much more open to jokes than the persons, creeds, and general belongings of the other side. Therefore, especially when he has hurried from his simple tea to share in a great national protest, and finds nothing but a horrid blank door shut against him, he indulges in expressions which would not have gratified the untimely jokesmith.

To judge from the tone of the untimely jokesmith's letter, a vague suspicion seems to have floated over Mr. Labouchere's own mind that he is somewhat out of place among the Woodheads. All in vain, it would seem, has he devoted his wits and his wit to the service of an ungrateful party. He gives them what they most unquestionably have not got without him; he exposes himself to the repartees of Mr. Radcliffe Cooke; he puts up with what must to him be the not deliciously exciting amusement of associating with a lot of muddle-headed persons, some of doubtful manners, and all the gratitude he gets is that when they are disturbed at their anomalous and intemperate meals they say things of him which would not gratify him. We really do not know whether Mr. Woodhead, toiling early and late, imperilling his health and ruining his temper and comfort, dislocating his regular meals and perhaps going without marmalade in his muffins, all for the sake of the Spen Valley, or Mr. Labouchere abused by the thankless Radical party whose gratuitous jester he is, is the more melancholy spectacle. To be *homme de peine* to Mr. Joshua Leadbetter, or to be *homme de peine* to persons who have Mr. Joshua Leadbetter and his likes for their own masters, which is the more painful?

The proper moral of all which is that every one should thank the goodness and grace which have made him not a Radical member of Parliament. To be obliged to be dull for fear of having things said that would not gratify you; to have the fear of Mr. Joshua Leadbetter constantly before your eyes; to be aware that the Spen Valley is not to be trifled with; and that you must be ready to give an extract from the log at any moment—how sad a fate is this! Yet the Mr. Woodheads, if not the Mr. Laboucheres, seem to enjoy it, and no doubt the first look forward even more joyfully to the time when it shall be penal to be a lord, or to make a joke, or to dine late.

#### CABINET SECRETS AND SECRET-MONGERS.

THIS week has been prolific in political revelations or inventions. Lord Salisbury the other day expressed his wonder at the confidence with which persons outside the sacred enclosure affect to know what takes place within the Cabinet, and disclose all they know or do not know. His tone and language recall Coriolanus:—

Hang 'em! They say!  
They sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the capitol.

On the particular question which provoked Lord Salisbury's astonished denial we have already spoken. But, putting this instance aside, it may be doubted whether Cabinet secrets are always as closely kept as Prime Ministers fancy. Bacon, who found out most things, detected this error too. "As for Cabinet Councils," said that very knowing person, "it may be their motto, *Plenus rimarum sum*; one futile person that maketh it his glory to tell will do more hurt than many that know it their duty to conceal." Bacon's essay, by-the-bye, is in obvious contradiction to Hallam's strange assertion that Cabinet Councils are first spoken of by Clarendon, with whom Mr. Gladstone in one of his political essays associates Pepys. The phrase and idea were common in the time of King James. The Cabinet Council as distinct from the Privy Council is alluded to in one of Massinger's plays. In the *Maid of Honour* Astutio, a very proper name for a politician, declares:—

'Tis uncertain,  
For though a Counsellor of State, I am not  
Of the Cabinet Council.

In the *Roman Actor* of the same dramatist Aretinus is described as "the Cabinet Counsellor, nay the key of Caesar's secrets." Though the scenes of these plays are placed in mediæval Italy and ancient Rome, the language, as is the custom with the dramatists of Elizabeth and James's time, is that of contemporary England. Its employment on the stage shows that the Cabinet and the

Privy Council had come to be known as distinct bodies. The Cabinet of James's time was, of course, not the Cabinet of our day. It was a camarilla, a junto, bearing the same relation to the Privy Council as the Secret Cabinet, to use Burke's phrase, of George III.'s reign, the cabal of the King's friends, bore to the acknowledged Cabinet which ostensibly conducted public business in Parliament.

To return from this digression, we may remark that the Cabinet is fortunate which does not contain more than one futile person, in Bacon's sense of the phrase. In that in which Mr. Carlyle uses the word there are, we fear, always a good many futile persons. The garrulous disposition, the impatience of knowing a secret which it cannot be known that you know unless you disclose it, the self-importance of the confidential whisperer, are familiar to all political observers. We do not know within the department of what deity it falls to laugh at Privy Counsellors' oaths; but, whoever he may be, his risible faculties must be incessantly exercised. Some years ago the systematic disclosure of confidential documents, projects, and discussions became a public scandal, and spread a sort of panic among Ministers themselves. Casual indiscretions would not account for the leakage. In some instances the bragging disposition of a brand-new Minister lifted from the back benches or from below the gangway into the Cabinet, and boastfully displaying his superiority in a club smoking-room or during the interval between dinner and the ladies, was, no doubt, the sufficient explanation of what seemed a breach of faith. Insidious tortures were applied. Ingenious cross-questioners assumed that the new Cabinet Minister was not let into all the secrets, that the inner Cabinet kept the important matters to themselves. To show that this was not so, the ingenious Ministerial youth told the secrets. Disclosures, however, were so systematic as to require some other explanation than the casual indiscretions of parvenu vanity. It was evident that a traffic was carried on, in which information was bartered for praise; and when the information stopped the praise ceased. The manner in which Cabinet secrets have crept out has been, it is said, itself more than once the subject of Cabinet deliberation. *Plenus rimarum sum* might have been the motto, if not of the Cabinet as a whole, yet of some or one of its members. Which of them it was might be probably conjectured, but may not have been positively ascertained.

The discovery of what takes place at Cabinet meetings has now become a distinct branch of industry. It is a profession; and since the rules which have restricted freedom of entrance into the lobby of the House of Commons, it has become a close profession. A certain number of gentlemen, all of them well known, have the right of entry into that precinct. They stand about and listen. The bolder spirits waylay Cabinet Ministers as they pass from the Chamber in the direction of the House of Lords, or the library, or the smoking-room, and demand "Your secret or your reputation." Others stand by and listen, picking up a few hints and putting them together as well as they can. Others, again, speak to a member whom they have seen speaking to a Cabinet Minister. The representative of the *Estonswill Gazette* sends his representative to get information as for himself, but really for the *Estonswill Gazette*. An intriguing Minister in a divided Cabinet may occasionally "split" to defeat or advance a project in which he has a friendly or hostile interest. Jemmy Twitcher pines. There are processes of disclosure more innocent and inadvertent. A Minister unconsciously uses phrases which imply that a particular course is in contemplation, or has been decided on, without the utterer dreaming that he has let out anything. A good many people have to be consulted with a view to the preparation of a measure, or in the collection of the information necessary, before action can be taken, and the nature of the information asked reveals the project which is in contemplation. Of course there are a great many extravagantly wild guesses; but as the general reader has no Ithuriel's spear in his possession, this does not much matter. Better, from the point of view of newspaper gossip, the wrong information than no information. An eminent member of a late, not the latest Government, once stated that, so far as his observation went, somebody always hit upon the truth in regard to Cabinet secrets, but that, as so many more people promulgated falsehoods, including the unconscious possessor of the truth himself, the secret was practically kept. It was as inscrutable as Gratiano's reasons.

The curiosity to know what goes on in the Cabinet has taken the place of the curiosity which prevailed a century ago to know what went on in Parliament. As the public appetite was gratified then with fictitious debates, probably a good deal better than the real ones, so now it is gratified with fictitious Ministerial deliberations and conclusions. A universal negative is, if we may be allowed to speak Hibernically, a hazardous form of affirmation. But, so far as we know, no authentic picture has been drawn of a Cabinet meeting. Political novelists have generally stopped short of that holy of holies. Yet there are political novelists who must have known; and, with regard to the others, not to have known is no sufficient reason for not boldly describing. Two of Lord Beaconsfield's stories were written after he had been Premier. Lord Lytton continued to write after he had been a Cabinet Minister. The newspaper scouts and touts gather as near as they are allowed to come to the door of the First Lord of the Treasury's residence in Downing Street or the Foreign Office. They note what Minister comes first and what Minister comes second, who walks arm-in-arm with whom, who arrives in a cab, and who on foot. They note dress and expressions of coun-



tenance. They time the hour of coming and the hour of going; they record the order and the companionship in which the Ministers depart, and they dog them to their houses, their clubs, or their offices. All this is authentic. But as to the interval between the coming and going, as to what takes place inside the historic room in Downing Street, these gentlemen, having only the key of the streets, not of the Cabinet, in their hands, are unable to tell. The *hiatus valde defendus* must be filled up with speculation, unless the secret can be got at, as it sometimes can, in one or other of the ways we have described. If it cannot, the usual resource is to assume that Ministers have been deliberating upon what may happen to be the principal topic of the hour. If the sitting has been a long one, great differences of opinion are supposed to have declared themselves, and animated and even tumultuous scenes are invented. It is usually, we believe, the case that important and critical business does not come before the Cabinet as a whole until it has been settled by the leading Ministers in private conference, and that it is often very promptly and rapidly got through with. The thing is decided for the Cabinet, and the Cabinet accepts the decision. A long meeting is often occupied in the minute consideration, line by line, of a despatch or a Bill—a Three Acres and a Cow Bill, or a despatch to some turbulent little capital north or south of the Balkans—the substance of which has been settled before; and the long and turbulent sittings with which gossip-vendors amuse the public are sometimes in reality dull and prolonged verbal assizes.

#### THE PRIORY OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, WEST SMITHFIELD.

SOME months since when we called attention to the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew's, West Smithfield, its fate might be said to be trembling in the balance. The Lady Chapel was still encumbered with the base fittings of a fringe factory, the unseemly bulk of which protruded into the church and hung over the altar; the site of the north transept was occupied by a blacksmith's forge; and as these properties were in the market, it was only too possible that they might be purchased by speculators, and that lofty new buildings would effectually shut out all hope of the proper restoration of this too rare fragment of monastic architecture remaining in London. The opportunity was such as could never return. If not taken advantage of, it was lost for ever. And the time was short. There was no room for hesitation or delay. A date was fixed by which, if the sum needed for the purchase of the long alienated property was not forthcoming, it would be sold to the highest bidder and the alienation would become perpetual. We confess that we never had any real doubt of the issue. We knew the energetic rector too well to question it. There are some men to whom to undertake anything is equivalent to succeeding in it, and Mr. Panckridge is one of this class. And he has been well backed up. The patron of the rectory felt himself bound to give substantial aid to the courageous man who at his invitation had come forward to stand in the breach. Other liberal benefactors were not wanting. So the purchase-money, some, it is true, advanced on faith, was ready by the day named. The danger once so imminent was averted, and the Lady Chapel once more belongs to its rightful owners, while the blacksmith is only waiting for due notice to extinguish his fire and silence the clanking anvil whose sharp metallic ring now disturbs the worshippers at the weekday services.

But while we may congratulate all concerned on the happy result of the energetic action of the Rector and his acting Committee, it must be borne in mind that the steps already taken are only preparatory to the restoration of the church. They were essential preliminaries, but only preliminaries, to that which even the most obstinate member of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings can hardly fail to allow to be necessary if this ancient building, almost the oldest the City of London can show, is to be preserved at all. We are no excessive lovers of restorations as such. We have often said that they are necessary evils, only to be excused as the means of preserving a building from ruin, and rendering it more suitable to the purpose which it was designed to serve. And no one who inspects the church of St. Bartholomew's in its present state will deny that for both these ends a restoration is urgently needed; nor will those who examine the plans prepared by Mr. Aston Webb, and read his interesting report, entertain any apprehension that such restoration will be carried further than is needed, or obliterate any of the historical features of the fabric. As we have mentioned Mr. Aston Webb's name, we may be permitted in passing to remind our readers that he is the architect who took the second place among the competitors for the new Admiralty and War Office, and that not a few able judges give his design a decided preference to the showy but essentially commonplace composition which, unless sounder counsels intervene, is too likely, as was recently remarked in the same matter, to prove the occasion of "an eternity of unfavourable criticism and regrets for a thoroughly bungled opportunity." But to return to St. Bartholomew's. The two points to which Mr. Webb proposes that the work of restoration should be first directed are the roof and the eastern apse. As to the former, there can be no question. The present roof, a clumsy construction of the middle of the seventeenth century, is as insecure as it is unsightly. The lead covering is leaky. The timbers are decayed. The whole is beyond repair, and, if the church is to be preserved, a new roof is a simple necessity. Mr. Webb very

wisely does not propose to interfere with the form and character of the existing roof. He would replace it with one of the same pitch, covered with the old lead, recast, only more ornamental and less barn-like in its design. With respect to the completion of the apse, there is more room for difference of opinion. If the east end were in the condition it presented previous to the well-intentioned restoration works of 1863-65, due to Mr. Slater, it might with some show of reason be contended that the Norman apse should not be restored at all, but the flat east end, with its large mullioned window, which, as at Winchester and Gloucester, seems to have been substituted for it in the fifteenth century, carried up on the lines of the present terminal wall. This, however, is not the case. At the date just mentioned, no one doubted that it was the right thing entirely to disregard the fifteenth-century change and simply restore the mutilated apse. So the semicircular procession path was completed by the reconstruction of the three lost arches with their two supporting pillars, thus with the two which on either side had survived the later adaptation reproducing the apsidal aisle of seven bays, which we cannot reasonably doubt—though some doubt has been suggested—formed the original termination of the church. But it would be far more wrong, nothing short of foolish fanaticism, to attempt now to undo what was then done. Mr. Webb, inheriting as he does the church with its old and with its recent history, has shown himself equal to the various considerations with which he has had to reckon. As long as the fringe-factory was in lay hands, as it came right up to the end wall of the church, above the ambulatory, all extension eastward above the ground story was impossible. Its purchase has removed the impossibility, and Mr. Webb proposes to swing the Norman triforium gallery from side to side above the restored apsidal aisle, and to finish it with a five-sided clerestory of the same character as that of the western portion of the church. At the same time, in order as far as possible to preserve the architectural history of the church, the moulded jambs of the great fifteenth-century east window already referred to which still remain will be carefully preserved, and the modern wall, dating probably from the middle of the seventeenth century, being removed, with its two mean round-headed windows, an arch will be turned over from these jambs, "thus preserving all the indications of the square end, and forming a sanctuary arch with a straight wall over." Mr. Webb's plan thus preserves all existing traces of the successive alterations of the church, while he invests it with much of the original dignity and beauty of which these alterations have so long deprived it. He is certainly to be congratulated on the skill with which he has solved a real difficulty in a manner which only obstinate pedantry can condemn. If completed, as we trust it soon will be, according to his design, it will silence criticism.

Before we proceed we may call attention to the manner in which the east end of St. Bartholomew's, as it was before the last works of restoration, illustrates the mode of dealing with eastern apses in post-Norman times. As we all know, the English mind, when it began to recover its independence, revolted from the semi-circular east end introduced by the Normans, and returned to its first love, the square east end. The apse became an object of dislike, to be got rid of if possible. In a few cases, as at Norwich and Peterborough and Tewkesbury, it was preserved, but more commonly it was made to disappear. It was dealt with in various ways. Sometimes, as at Chichester and Durham, the eastern limb was left untouched, the apse being pulled down, and one or two new bays added eastwards. Sometimes, as at Chester and Worcester, the whole eastern limb gave place to a later design, and the apse is only to be traced in the crypt or in the foundations. At Lincoln, it is true, where this same process took place, and the footing of Remigius's apse is still to be seen below the flooring of the stalls, St. Hugh's most original architect seems to have retained the old form, terminating his choir with a huge three-sided apse, the lines of which were traced by old John Carter during the repaving towards the end of the last century. This has in its turn followed suit, and the "Angel choir" which occupies its place has the normal square east end. St. Bartholomew's furnishes an example of the rarer treatment, of which we have modifications at Winchester and Gloucester, when the choir was not extended beyond its original length, and a straight gable with an east window was substituted for the curved wall on the foundations of which it was reared. At Winchester the east gable occupies the room of the two central piers of the apse with their intervening arch, and being thus narrower than the breadth of the choir the adjoining bays on either side converge and join it obliquely, thus in some measure keeping up the idea of the apse. The lofty reredos rising almost to the springing of the vault cuts off these oblique bays, forming a space which contained the "feretra," or portable shrines of the local saints, with the "Holy Hole" beneath it preserving relics of peculiar sanctity. The arrangement of St. Bartholomew's as it existed till 1863 presents several curious points of resemblance to this Winchester plan, with this difference, that the sixteenth-century end wall was built at the springing of the semi-circle, not across its extreme curve. But there was the same space behind the reredos, probably intended for the same purpose, opening eastwards as at Winchester, with arches which the late Mr. J. H. Parker oddly assigns to the time of Charles I., but which certainly had every appearance of being coeval with the great structural alteration of which they formed part. This curious feature, which we can remember as a charnel-house filled with ghastly piles of skulls and bones removed from the churchyard and known as "Purgatory," was lost when the Norman

arcade was reconstructed, but its form is preserved in old prints and drawings. That the substitution of a square east end for the apse is not due to modern barbarism, but is of mediæval date, is shown by the clerestory running on in a straight line, while the Norman triforium gallery below exhibits the commencement of the curve; a slight but irrefragable evidence.

The recently recovered Lady Chapel is still too much encumbered with the floors and partitions of the fringe-factory to reveal all its architectural features. Enough, however, is visible to show that it belonged to the same period as the reconstruction of the east end, or a little later. It was sixty feet long, and was of four bays, with a Perpendicular window of three lights in the three westernmost bays, the easternmost bay being left blank. Traces of the sedile remain on the south side. The two terminal bays were elevated on a crypt, recently cleared of earth, lighted with single-light windows, with curious gabled hood-moulds, and vaulted with a flat arch of twenty-two feet span. The external buttresses beneath this modern coating of cement show the original construction of flint and stone. The destination of this chapel when restored is as yet undecided. We are glad to know that the Rector has resolutely forbidden its being used to accommodate the parish school on its necessary ejection from the north triforium gallery. This would be only to substitute one form of desecration for another. A much happier suggestion, recalling the original destination of Rahere's foundation, is that it should become the chapel of a nursing sisterhood, the establishment of which is in contemplation in connexion with St. Bartholomew's, for the sick and suffering poor of the wide and needy parish. This would be a true restoration of the best kind, and such as would have the hearty good wishes of all Churchmen. Passing westwards, rights of property, even if funds were available, would forbid the rebuilding of the transepts of the original projection. But the erection of shallow transepts, as proposed by Mr. Webb, would be of immense value to the interior, giving back to it its long-lost cruciform character. The fragment of the nave which has been happily preserved, marking the original extent of the conventual choir, when restored according to Mr. Webb's plans, will do much to increase the dignity of the church, and secure its proper ritual arrangement. One feature too curious to be omitted remains to be noticed. The three eastern bays of the north aisle by a northward extension which recalls the somewhat similar arrangement at Chichester, furnish room for three chapels, each with its own altar. In any reconstruction of the church this feature will, we trust, be religiously preserved. But St. Bartholomew is in good hands, and we need not fear for it.

We cannot conclude our article without calling attention to the very interesting "Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Church," the only known relic of the Priory Library, originally written in Latin by one of the canons between 1174 and 1189, and translated about 1400, which Dr. Norman Moore has most opportunely printed from the Cottonian MS. The first twelve chapters, which contain the life of Rahere, the founder, and an account of the erection of the Priory, have been long familiar to the historian, having been printed in Dugdale's *Monasticon* (vi. 292-295). This, however, is only about a third of the whole. Curious as it is, this latter part, now for the first time published in full, which contains stories of the miraculous cures and preservations wrought by the aid of the patron saint of the Priory, with many glimpses of London and provincial life in the reign of Henry II., is quite equal, if not superior, in interest. To the philologist this document is very valuable as an example of "New English" prose soon after Chaucer. The existence of a Lady Chapel in the original building on the same site with that recently recovered is proved by the opening sentence of Chapter IV. of the second book, which reports a vision of Our Lady to one of the brethren, Hubert by name:—"In the eeste parte of the same chirche ys an oratory, and yn that an awter yn the honoure of the most blessid and perpetual vergyne Mary yconsecrate." May we hope at no very protracted interval to hear of its reconsecration "in gloriam Dei"?

#### A DRAMATIC EPIC.

IT would require a Browning and "take up about eighty thousand lines" to write the whole story of Richard Belt, sculptor and convict, examined from all possible points of view. "Richard Belt," "C. B. Lawes," "George Lewis," "Baron Huddleston," "Sir Frederick Leighton," "The Jury," "Lord Coleridge," "The Master of the Rolls," "Half London," "The Other Half London," "Sir William Abdy," "Richard Belt Again," "Sir Charles Russell, A. G.," "Mr. Justice Stephen," "The Other Jury," would be only some of the Books which would have to be written. The work would be improved by the resuscitation of the late Mr. Carlyle to add essays on "Cagliostro: New Style" and "The Diamond Necklace: London, 1884." No one who had the good fortune to be present at the delivery of the verdicts in 1882 and 1886 respectively will ever forget the magnificently dramatic contrast between them. The former occasion had a peculiar interest of its own. Belt v. Lawes was the very last action tried *in aliquo certo loco*, as fixed by practice unchanged since the passing of the remarkable statute in which those words occur. The end of Baron Huddleston's summing-up had just been thrown over the Christmas holidays when the rest of the High Court rose for ever in Westminster Hall. On the last day of the year, or thereabouts, the old Court of Exchequer was filled for the last time by

a wildly-excited audience. At one o'clock Baron Huddleston concluded with an impassioned peroration the most animated and effective of his many animated and effective summings-up. The jury retired for even a shorter period than it took their successors to decide upon acquitting Mr. Walter Belt the other day. Amidst a hush of breathless interest, the foreman expressed their unanimous opinion that Richard Belt was a deeply-wronged hero, Mr. Lawes a malicious persecutor, Mr. Verheyden an unprincipled liar, and the Royal Academy a collection of jealous idiots, and declared that the damages had been assessed at the liberal figure of 5,000*l.* A burst of applause rang from the gallery, and swelled into a shout of triumph. Judgment was given, and a stay of execution peremptorily refused. One tiny rift within the lute was perceptible to practised eyes. "What about Belt v. Rankin," asked Baron Huddleston, "which stands next in the paper?" "It will have to be tried," coldly answered Sir Richard—not then Sir Richard—Webster. Rankin was understood to be the publisher of *Vanity Fair*, and the libel complained of to be the same as that in Belt v. Lawes. It is believed that Belt v. Rankin still has to be tried. But the populace recked nothing of that, and the victorious plaintiff, in a remarkably new nat, and his classical features wreathed in smiles, was carried shoulder-high through Westminster Hall by a posse of roaring sympathizers. "It was roses, roses all the way, With myrtle mixed in his path like mad," or it would have been if New Palace Yard in midwinter was fertile in that kind of vegetation. But there can be little doubt that had Mr. Richard Belt at that moment asserted that he had "sculptured the sun in yonder skies, They had answered, 'And afterward what else?'"

How different was the closing scene on Monday last! The charge of Mr. Justice Stephen was as effective as that of Baron Huddleston. But so far from indicating a strong opinion as to what the verdict ought to be, it was singularly passionless, and perhaps all the more effective on that account. As the complicated and chaotic gathering of facts deposed to was skilfully unravelled and brought into intelligible order, it was the facts themselves, and not the view of them suggested by the judge, that bore with irresistible weight against the principal defendant. And so in that Court, of which the scrubby spruce whitewash and apparatus generally have witnessed the close of so many active careers, the fate of Richard Belt was awaited and beheld with complete self-control. A verdict of guilty, a few perfunctory words of commonplace judicial comment, a sentence of twelve months' hard labour, and Mr. Richard Belt, after a promptly-suppressed endeavour to enlarge on the theme that it was "all Mr. Lewis and Mr. Lawes"—a sentiment not altogether devoid of foundation—disappeared into the murky depths whither so many remarkable criminals have preceded him.

Perhaps it would be flattery to describe Belt as a remarkable criminal, for his crime in itself was commonplace enough; but he is a criminal, and he is remarkable. In fact, the more his triumph in his prolonged litigation with Mr. Lawes is considered, the more remarkable does it appear. Since he has been proved to have invented a story not altogether to the credit of the Sultan, and to have given details concerning the pecuniary needs of a rapacious doctor in Kensington who never existed, it is not too much to say that his uncorroborated statement that his hand alone was responsible for the production of the hideous image of Byron still unhappily defacing Hamilton Gardens does not derive any considerable weight from the mere fact that it was his statement. In the same way, since he is proved to have obtained large sums of money from a singularly guileless baronet by false pretences, it is of no avail to urge, as a reason why any of his evidence given against Mr. Lawes should have been true, that, if it was false, he was committing perjury. Therefore those who have hitherto believed Belt to be a sculptor and a speaker of the truth may have to reconsider to some extent the grounds upon which those opinions were formed. There were notoriously many persons well qualified to judge who held the contrary view upon each question. They were supported by the united testimony of about half the members of the Royal Academy, given under such circumstances as to ensure all the weight which such evidence could possibly have. Besides the existence of this body of opinion, Belt laboured under the disadvantage of being opposed by counsel inferior to none in ability and industry, the leader of whom was and is unrivalled in skilful cross-examination, and in experience in the conduct in Court of cases full of interest and fall of prejudice. These counsel were instructed by a solicitor who has probably been instrumental in the exposure of a greater number of frauds than any one else living, and who has now succeeded in running Belt to earth in respect of another matter. In fact, a more formidable forensic team for this particular kind of work could not have been got together. Yet Belt defeated them all. The judge was for him, the jury was for him, the uninformed part of the population was for him, and it was generally believed that on this question the world of fashion was at one with the People. Nor did Belt's success stop here. The judges before whom the case came on appeal did not hesitate to express their opinions on the merits. Of the three judges in the Divisional Court one was wholly in Belt's favour. In the Court of Appeal all three judges took the same view, and the opposition, smitten hip and thigh, weary and disheartened, sullenly accepted their defeat. Mr. Lawes fled to the sanctuary now presided over by Mr. Justice Cave, and Belt, as principal creditor, proved against him for a debt of somewhere about 12,000*l.*

It was at about this time that Belt entered upon the dark



and tortuous course of transactions which in the recent trial it was not necessary to clear up, and which, in spite of the munificent orders of the Corporation of London and other patrons of the sculptor's art, eventually led to the melancholy nadir of Cold-bath Fields. What was the precise nature of the mysterious doings wherein the friendship between Belt and Sir William Neville Abdy was cemented, we shall never know. It is enough for present purposes that Belt—whether or not because, as Mr. Lawes was ruined for having said, he had found sculpture-breaking an easy and profitable pursuit—took to jewel-broking. Pretending to have special opportunities for picking up great bargains in diamonds for Sir W. Abdy's benefit, he bought diamonds reasonably cheap, and sold them to his confiding friend uncommonly dear. Meanwhile that rift within the lute had widened. Belt *v.* Rankin still hung fire, and the obdurate defendant showed no signs of coming down in order to save Belt the trouble of firing. Also another unpleasant incident had come to light. A person of the name of Schotz, one of Belt's workmen, had been a conspicuous witness for Belt at the trial. During the proceedings consequent on Mr. Lawes's bankruptcy, the enterprising Mr. Lewis had gone into the witness-box and told a surprising story on oath about Mr. Schotz. Schotz, it seemed, had been pouring his woes into Mr. Lewis's sympathizing ear, and they were contained in a statement to the following effect:—All the evidence which Schotz had given in Belt's favour was false, and all the evidence given by Verheyden and others against him was true. Schotz's perjury had been committed at the instigation of Belt, who had elaborately prepared with Schotz the lies which they were respectively to tell. As a reward for helping Belt in this risky but unexpectedly successful game, Schotz was to receive a considerable part of the damages which Belt hoped to obtain. Belt never did obtain any damages, and Schotz never got any share. Schotz had therefore no means left of assuaging the pangs of a sensitive conscience (which told him that committing wholesale perjury was wrong) except confession, and accordingly he came and confessed to Mr. Lewis. It was furthermore suggested that the detailed confession of Schotz tallied with the evidence given against Belt in such a manner as strongly to corroborate it. This was not pleasant for Belt, who asserted that it was part of a wicked plot concocted for his ruin, and seems as time went on to have increased the scale of the profits which he was earning by his trade in diamonds with Sir William Abdy. Things came to a crisis about a year ago. Lady Abdy, "with the cleverness peculiar to her sex," as some gallant manufacturer of soap observes in his advertisement, got wind of the dealings in diamonds, and suspected that something was wrong. Immediately repairing to the metropolis, she sought legal assistance, and seems to have been recommended to carry her complaints against Belt to Mr. George Lewis. It will be admitted that the advice had a certain plausibility, which the result has not tended to diminish. In a very short time an action for the recovery of 12,000*l.*—which was more than was due—was set on foot against Belt, Sir William Abdy strenuously seconding the exertions of his wife when he saw reason to believe that Belt had been cheating him. The statement of claim alleged the money to have been obtained by Belt by fraudulent misrepresentations. Belt was now driven into a corner. He could not deny that he owed Sir W. Abdy several thousand pounds, and his exertions in the management of a sculptor's studio had not supplied him with the means of paying the debt. So he admitted in his defence that his representations as to the value of the diamonds, though not fraudulent, had been false, and that the 12,000*l.* claimed was justly due. From his examination and that of his brother in the Bankruptcy Court Mr. Lewis was able to discover where the jewels had been bought. This led to the knowledge that Mrs. Morphy, in connexion with whom scandalous aspersions had been made upon the character of a friendly sovereign, was a myth, and that the avaricious leech of Kensington who wanted six per cent. for his money was a fraud. Then ensued the fatal concatenation of summons, committal, indictment, trial before Mr. Justice Stephen and a London jury, conviction, sentence, and disastrous collapse of Belt's desperately sustained character as an honest man.

#### COINCIDENCES.

FICTION sometimes precedes fact—that is to say, it occasionally happens that a story of no very probable kind, or possibly rather complex in its details, has been entirely due to the invention of the novelist or dramatist, is afterwards repeated in real life. Nature is occasionally the plagiarist, and as she cannot unfortunately be made to pay damages, or even be affected by an injunction of the Court of Chancery, the writer who has been borrowed from must be content with the barren honour of being the first inventor of what is commonly thought to be due to the course of events; and this honour he may not always obtain, for people are slow to recognize the fact that romance has come before truth; but that it may sometimes be due to him we propose to show by three instances.

The first is a very singular one, from the relationship of the two actors in the fictitious and in the real drama, a drama of flesh and blood as it certainly turned out to be. Some years ago there appeared in an Indian periodical a brief story of two brothers who were much given to fencing together, and who, as sometimes happens with men who fence together, got jealous of each other's

skill, and one day grew so excited by a sharp assault and disputed hits, that they resolved to use sharpened foils for one bout, so that there might be no doubt who received the hit, palpable or otherwise. Only a light touch was to be given; but the writer seems to have reflected justly enough that a fencer cannot put on half-speed as an engineer puts half-speed on an engine, and he made one of his characters inflict a severe wound on the other. A critic might, without seeming harsh, have stigmatized the story as improbable, even as wild, but the course of events would have shown him to be wrong, for the incident actually occurred. Two brothers, who practised in an English fencing-room, fell out over a *coup de bouton*, and, after a warm discussion, determined to have a contest of such a kind as would make the hit indisputable. There were duelling-swords in the room, and, by an ingenious contrivance which it would take too long to explain now, they were rendered comparatively innocuous, the point of each blade being so treated that it could only penetrate a very little way, and it was thought that all chance of a serious result was thus avoided; but nature proved a determined plagiarist. Not only were two brothers to fight—and certainly here the coincidence was most remarkable—but one of them was to be gravely hurt. A vigorous parry met a vigorous lunge just after the point had touched the body, and, although it could not penetrate far, it inflicted a very serious jagged wound, as it was driven right across the chest. Many a duel has come to an end with much less injury to the combatant who was worsted.

The second case of fact after fancy was in its way as curious as that which we have just described, but was of a totally different nature. In this instance two dramatists took the liberty of anticipating matters, and devised an imaginary situation which was afterwards realized with great pain and suffering in actual life. Some of our readers may remember the singular play *Forget-Me-Not* produced at the Lyceum in 1879, afterwards acted at another London theatre, and for a considerable time in the United States. That the plot of this piece was entirely new there cannot be the slightest doubt, as what amounted to a challenge from the authors to point to the original in any language met with no answer. The story is based on the power which the French law gives to a parent of annulling the marriage of a son who has married under the age of twenty-five without the consent of his father and mother. The wicked character of the piece threatens, if her demands are not complied with, to annul a marriage contracted between her son and a young Englishwoman of good family, who has married, of course, in utter ignorance of the French law. A child has been born; but at the time when the action begins the son is dead, and the evil genius can, if she will, make the hapless infant illegitimate. This is the main *motif* of an elaborate plot, into the carefully devised complications of which we need not further enter. The way in which the story was confirmed by truth following romance was not a little striking. The piece was brought out in August 1879. In the *Times* of August 12, 1880, there was a painful account of the position of an unfortunate Englishwoman who had married in England a Frenchman who gave his age as twenty-two. The father was not made acquainted with the marriage till three years after it had taken place; but at first he did not seem to object to it, and talked of his son being naturalized in England. For some reason unexplained he after awhile changed his mind, and the wife, having followed her husband to Paris, learnt that she was not a wife at all, and that her children were illegitimate; and, a suit being instituted, the marriage was declared null by the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. Of course the case was not quite on all fours with the story of *Forget-Me-Not*, as the authors necessarily gave their piece a happy conclusion; but the main idea of the piece was certainly adhered to with fair fidelity, and on an essential point the drama of real life followed the drama of fiction.

The third case of reality after romance occurred much later than the two we have described, and was certainly most remarkable, as the incident imagined by the novelist was of a very peculiar kind, and might indeed have been called extravagant if it had not received an indisputable imprimatur. In the current number of a well-known annual there is a story of an operatic singer who, having quarrelled with the woman he cares for, shoots her on the stage in the last act of the *Huguenots*. She is playing Valentine; he is one of the King's troops, and he fires in grim earnest, sending a bullet through her heart. Now it might naturally have been thought that the author would be left in undisturbed possession of this very dramatic *finale*; but again nature proved a determined plagiarist. A short time after the annual appeared there came a strange story from South America of an Italian, called—or calling himself with some faint recollection of Flaubert's novel—Salambo, who conceived a violent passion for the leading actress of a dramatic company, and, being rejected by her, managed to get engaged as supernumerary, and to secure the part of the executioner in *Theodora*. When the time came he did his best to strangle the unfortunate lady in real earnest, and very nearly succeeded. Now it is not too much to assume that he thought his crime an entirely original one, and probably he would have been greatly surprised if he had been told that his striking idea was not new; and his curious attempt to treat murder as one of the fine arts should be a lesson at once to assassins and to critics. What seems original may turn out not to be original at all, and what seems to be a strange wild fancy may be translated into actual fact.

## ETON COLLEGE LIBRARY AND OTHERS.

IT is an old story that a convert is much more ardent in his devotion to the faith he has recently adopted than one who has been a believer from his youth upward. The truth of this generalization has been remarkably illustrated by the latest proceedings of the Governing Body of Eton College. From the extreme of iconoclasm they have rushed to the extreme of conservatism. The range of buildings erected by Sir Henry Savile between 1603 and 1606 is to be preserved; and Upper School is not to be converted into a library. This change of front, however, has brought them to some strange conclusions. In their newly adopted reverence for the imaginary wishes of the family ghost, they propose to place the Head-Master in an inconvenient residence in the Fellows' Buildings, erected under the founder's eye for a totally different purpose; and they overlook the fact that Upper School, which was not built in its present form until 1689, and does not commemorate anybody in particular, is singularly unsuitable for the purposes for which it is habitually used. Lastly, as the changes in the buildings used for the habitation of collegers had proceeded too far to be arrested by any amount of memorials, the Boys' Library is not to remain where Dr. Hawtrey put it, but is to be carried across Weston's Yard into a dwelling-house, which, as it was built about 1704, under the invocation of St. Anne, might have been considered sacred to its present purpose.

We are at a loss to understand what will be gained by this removal. Not additional space for books, for the dwelling-house in question is only 58 feet long, 25 feet wide, and about 21 feet high; and certainly not a central position in the school; for, though the new library will not be actually under the same roof as the collegers, it will still be in a region which oppidans choose to consider as having no connexion with themselves. Upper School, on the contrary, is eminently central; and, as to size, it would be amply large enough, at the present rate of increase, for many a year to come. Notwithstanding these advantages, however, the scheme was not favourably received—partly from sentimental, partly from practical, considerations. The sentimentalists objected, first, to the room being used for any other purposes than those of a schoolroom or a speech-room; and, secondly, we were assured by a gentleman who may be considered their spokesman that it is "too vast, too glaring, too noisy, lying as it does between the school-yard and the road. It may be made into a book-room, but it never can become a library." The practical persons were of opinion that, because no books could be placed against the side walls, on account of the panelling, which is covered with the names of old Etonians, it would therefore be impossible to fit it up for library purposes. It is to this class of objectors that we wish specially to address ourselves.

Upper School is 117 feet long by 26 feet broad within the walls; and it is lighted by eleven large windows on each side. By a curious coincidence this is just the proportion of length to width which King Henry VI. directed for his library at King's College, Cambridge, which would have been 110 feet long by 24 feet broad. The library intended for Eton would have been of the same width, but only 52 feet long. Throughout the middle ages, and, indeed, down to near the end of the seventeenth century, a library was a long, narrow room, lighted by equidistant windows on either side, separated by narrow intervals. The bookcases were placed at right angles to the walls, between the windows, and the seat for the reader in front of the window. This arrangement may still be seen, almost unaltered, in several Oxford libraries; as, for instance, at Merton College, Corpus Christi College, Jesus College, Trinity College, St. John's College, and in the room over the Divinity School, which Sir Thomas Bodley fitted up as a library between 1598 and 1600. So late as 1692, when Nicholas Hawkesmoore built a new library for Queen's College, he still placed his bookcases at right angles to the main walls, between the windows. At Cambridge also there are numerous examples. The south and west rooms of the University Library are familiar to all visitors; but perhaps the most striking instance is to be found at St. John's College, where the library, though built between 1623 and 1628, follows the old arrangement, with only this difference, that dwarf bookcases are admitted between each pair of tall ones. These were provided with sloping desks, for the convenience of readers. We believe that the modern fashion of placing shelves against the side walls was first introduced by Sir Christopher Wren, who completed the new library for Trinity College in 1695. That eminent architect did not think it beneath him to design the fittings as well as the building, and one of his plans shows the upper floor, with what he calls, in the memoir which accompanies it, "the disposition of the shelves both along the walls and breaking out from the walls, which must needs prove very convenient and gracefull, and the best way for the students will be to have a little square table in each cello with two chairs."

Now, though the convenience of this system will have been appreciated by all who have used, or even seen, the noble library where it was first employed, it is not essential. Upper School lends itself with singular facility to the older method of arrangement, and, indeed, we cannot help thinking that its peculiar design was probably suggested by some mediæval library. If two feet were taken off on each side for a space between the ends of the bookcases and the panelling, and four feet in the centre for a passage, there would still be room for a range of detached cases on either side, each nine feet long and as high as might be thought convenient. By this arrangement there would be eleven "cells"

for students on either side of the room, some of which might be screened off to secure additional privacy; and as for space, it has been computed that it would hold nearly twice as many volumes as the present library does. Moreover, this scheme involves no change except the removal of some desks and benches, which no one, we imagine, would care to preserve, as they are neither useful nor ornamental, and no structural alteration except a strengthening of the floor. Nor would it be costly. The detached bookcases we advocate might be made of the plainest materials, and, should a new library ever be constructed at a future time on some other site, they could easily be removed into it.

And this brings us to another consideration. There are at present two libraries at Eton, the Boys' Library and the Fellows' Library. The latter, now that the Fellows of Eton have ceased to exist, is but little used, while the room in which it is deposited would be of great service for other purposes. It was not begun until 1725, from the design of a Mr. Rowland, and we presume that no one would defend its preservation as a library on archaeological grounds. Why should not these two libraries be, at some future time, housed under the same roof? We do not say amalgamated, because most of the books in the Fellows' Library are too valuable to be handled indiscriminately. We would place them in an Inner Library, where they could be consulted by leave of the librarian; while the Outer Library, answering to the present Boys' Library, would still be open to all comers. Such a scheme as this would be difficult of realization, on pecuniary as well as on other grounds; but, if properly carried out, would, we feel assured, be of real educational value, not only on account of the books which it would place within the reach of studious boys, but as showing them what a library ought to be, and how it ought to be managed.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

AN excellent performance of one of Haydn's best symphonies, that in D, the second of the Salomon series, made a charming and appropriate introduction to last Saturday's concert. The brief Adagio, the usual preface to the first movement, opened with a bold awakening thump on the tonic, and the few ensuing phrases, alternately delicate and massively sculpturesque, were rendered with expression and dignity by the strings and full orchestra in turn. Into the composition of the Allegro there enter not quite such fairy-like and dancing themes as those of many of the composer's quick movements; but, on the other hand, the symphony is richer in feeling and more highly coloured than most of Haydn's. Much point was given to the varying character of the motives; and, although the orchestra is a larger one than is convenient for an elegantly precise execution of such work, their delicacy as well as their stateliness was demonstrated fairly well. In orchestral colour, at any rate, the most fascinating movement of the Symphony is the Largo. Of course it has none of that modern diversity of instrumentation which is so apt to make music, as it were, spotty, and obscure, by ruining the breadth of its flow, the emotional import of the melody. To say nothing of the beautiful and refined treatment of subordinate motives, there is something unaccountably affecting in the broad simplicity of the contrasts in orchestration to which the main theme is subjected. It was given out with great delicacy and mystery by the strings, and repeated with magical effect on the bassoon. This instrument, with the flute and oboe, which are very conspicuous, was played with a justness of expression and tone which added much to the romantic quality of the movement. The bold and striking Minuet, resonant with the low notes of strings and bassoons, is not treated with quite the incomparable grace of some others by Haydn and Mozart; nevertheless, its big, striding movement is vigorously gay with a true scherzo-like feeling. There is something indescribably stirring in the Trio—in the martial trumpet and drum of those triplet beats on one note, so effectively opposed to the soft, yet agile, sway of a gentler phrase on the strings. The lively themes of the final Rondo never cease to charm; the constant recurrence is made welcome by their own exquisite gaiety and the quaint and ever novel manner in which they are presented. In itself the opposition of the two subjects is most happy; the ecstatic gaiety of the first is quite Haydn-like, while the counterbalancing theme in the dominant has a tenderness that reminds one of Mozart. Much exquisite writing for the wood wind (beautifully executed) gives a wild, mountain flavour to the joyous music, and occasional long notes held over a bustle of lively sound told in effective contrast to its general rapidity. But that the pace of the first two movements was a little slow, the performance of the Symphony was almost faultless.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel were the vocalists. They achieved a well-deserved success. In "Pogner's Address," from the *Meistersinger*, a sort of material he thoroughly comprehends, Mr. Henschel showed what can be done, at least in dramatic music, by a singer with an intelligent feeling for art even when he has not an intrinsically pleasing voice. Mrs. Henschel gave a good rendering of her husband's song, the "Adieu de l'Hôte des Arabes," which the composer himself conducted. Both singers appeared in an extract from Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, which begins in a somewhat commonplace manner, and warms up at the end into a fairly melodious duet.

As it only came out at the last Birmingham Festival, Mr. Mackenzie's new violin Concerto raised of course a good deal of



expectation or discussion in London musical circles. The effect of it is perplexing; some say one thing, and some another. We, for our part, cannot pretend to judge what we only partially understand; and at least half of the new *opus* addresses us, as it were, in a foreign tongue. Nothing, however, is more common in any epoch than people who from inclination have refused to keep pace with the contemporary movement and are therefore not capable of taking in quickly any complicated and advanced styles of art. Beethoven's appeal in music was scarcely coherent to many musicians of his own time; and Mr. Mackenzie is one of the most advanced musicians of to-day. But, on the other hand, every one has, at one time or another, felt the æsthetic influence of many musical works long before he had comprehended their nature, or could give a reason for his taste. Now this it seems impossible to feel about Mr. Mackenzie's concerto. You can seize on no continuous thread of emotion; you can detect no singleness of purpose which might give an æsthetic, if not a structural, appropriateness to the succession of musical effects. Were those—and they are many—who feel thus about such music baffled only by the constant and apparently unmotivated changes of time and key, and by other and greater structural difficulties, they might hope that time and study would, as they have done in so many other cases, render clear and effective to their minds what is now disturbed and vague. But, when coldness results as much from want of sympathy as from want of comprehension, it is likely to be permanent; a probability all the more annoying in this case as it is easy to perceive isolated beauties of all kinds in the concerto, especially in the delicate and ever-varying colour of its orchestration. One is forced to admit the technical ability of a musician who can handle instruments like this; but one may be permitted to doubt the wisdom of any school which thus throws over simplicity and directness of aim, and tends, by complication and unrest, to disturb the evenness of melody, and obscure the general tenor of emotion.

The violinist, Mr. Richard Gompertz, chose for his solo a fine composition of Señor Samsate's. He gave the long winding melodies of its first part with good expression, while the passages of high notes in the fancifully delicate quick movement were played by him with ease and fluency. The concert wound up with a selection from Rubinstein's second suite, *Bal Costume*, which consists of strong, lively, and rhythmic melodies, treated in a somewhat ordinary manner.

#### MR. HOLMAN HUNT.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT, though belonging nominally, and in part actually, to the literary school of art, is not to be confounded with those meander and more commercial artists who present their conceptions in a slipshod *pastiche* of the painter's methods. He owes much to a real love of the material of paint, much to a love of nature and to a partial and exaggerated but earnest study of some one or two of her qualities. He is rarely indebted to his imagination, often to a vigorous personal sort of invention, to a patience not always judiciously exercised, and to a strength which comes from an eccentric development of some subordinate point. He cannot paint the appearance of things, cannot present a scene as the sun presents it, and so cannot give us the painter's true poetry, which is associated with natural appearances and depends on an ideal conceived in harmony with the large laws of light and atmosphere. Those who can take pleasure in false colour (often beautiful) which will not avow itself decorative, but claims a representative part of great importance; those who in this age can still endure pre-Raphaelitism—that is, incomplete balance in the various qualities which co-operate in imitating the *ensemble* of nature—those, in fact, who can get over inartistic aims, will find much to delight them in the manifestation of a strong personality, in the evidence of a keen enjoyment in certain hues and arrangements of colour, and in a certain curiousness of detail often pushed to extreme lengths. For ourselves, we confess to a mixed feeling of admiration and annoyance, which is never the outcome of truly harmonious art.

Some remarks in the Catalogue are worth noticing. This, for instance, is written about a work painted in 1860:—"Going to nature in one spirit or another, or an attempt at it, is a habit now, but all the more should this first Semitic presentment of the Semitic scripture be marked as making an epoch." It is useless to enter upon the long list of well-known European painters of this century who in 1860 were not merely beginning to "go to nature," but in many cases had already finished a long life of nothing else. Possibly by "going to nature" the writer (whoever he may be) means doing in the East what could be done here, with the aid of archaeological dictionaries and text-books, at museums and Oriental bazaars. He cannot mean any attempt to wrest from nature the secret of the dignity with which real light and air reveal the world; for to do this, even in dealing with the commonest home scenes, Mr. Hunt appears to have thought too difficult. Again, *à propos* of the "Shadow of Death" it is written that, "In all work from nature an artist spends himself, and the spending is very lavish in work so grave as this." Now, in painting from nature under certain circumstances, an artist may exhaust himself physically and nervously; but he does not make so great a drain upon the higher co-ordinating faculties as in studio work in pursuit of an idea. But it is possible that, as Mr. Hunt

does not work for an *ensemble*, either seen or imagined, he may find Nature, who is always importunate in suggestions of facts, more troublesome than Imagination, who comes rarely, and more rarely speaks. As to the solemnity of the work, the title, "The Shadow of Death," is certainly a grave one; but any one understanding the language of colour will admit that the picture itself is as riotously joyous in tone as it is unchastened in detail. As well might one steep a symphony in the cheeriest hues of the scherzo, and then call it the "Shadow of Death (Op. 1)," and hail it as an awe-inspiring work. It is this utter indifference to the meaning of the material used, of the language and effect of artistic schemes of colour and combinations of tone or line, which always stamps the literary artist as incompletely developed, if not wholly without the special imagination of his craft. But Mr. Holman Hunt, if he had not been led away by ambitious aims and sounding titles, as he has some real, though badly balanced, pictorial gifts of his own, might have made a real still-life painter upon more complete and truly lofty conventions than he at present employs.

The "Festival of St. Swithin" (11), representing a dovecot in a shower of rain, is the only grey and restful picture among the lurid fireworks of the gallery; it is beautiful in idea, and much of its detail is happily observed and tenderly executed. "London Bridge Illuminated" (24) is among the few really imaginative numbers; it is a thrilling and effective caprice, conceived in a gorgeously rich scheme of colour. One of the most logical renderings of effect, "The Ship" (27), is still very far from being a true impression, and suggests that the painter was perhaps right to remain a pre-Raphaelite. He might become less interesting did he attempt an art complete in all its qualities, and he never could become natural. The account of this picture is another example of many attempts made nowadays to invest painting with the false glamour of verbal poetry. The associations connected with Tennyson's *In Memoriam* are tacked on to it only because it is a ship; and the Catalogue tells us that, for the same good reason, it "carries many fates and fortunes under the silent stars." These ideas, as they cannot be expressed in paint, and might with equal justice be arbitrarily attached to any cheap print of the same subject, can have nothing to do with the merits or significance of the picture. Though Mr. Hunt, with such principles of painting, is unable to tackle a great figure subject broadly and nobly, he can get much poignancy of expression into the realization of details. His "Isabella and her Basil Pot," in addition to a well-found human type, contains much admirable research of the curious and a real painter's enjoyment of the still life of luxurious accessories. It is impossible to call a work great which exhibits such disdain for atmospheric possibility, such reckless trifling with the primitive idea, such utter frittering of the masses of the composition, such entire absence of subordination to a main interest in colour and tone. Before the great culminating schools had struck the balance of qualities, this clever perversity of view and one-sidedness of development might have been meritorious. Now, in spite of talent and earnestness, it strikes one as merely capricious and immature. To read the Catalogue's description of the solemnity of "The Scapegoat" (20) and its carefully-studied sunset effect, and then to look at its frivolous absurdities of colour, and its utter absence of all landscape dignity, is diverting. Again, we are told that the famous "Light of the World" is "a purely mystical picture, inasmuch as it is a painting of something less material than a parable, a mere metaphor." This is an excellent example of the confusion between literary aims or conceptions and those proper to the plastic arts, a confusion now common, and in a great measure due to Ruskinian influences. We shall merely note that the picture is painted by no means with mystery in the pictorial sense, but tells something so definite as to be almost crabbed; unfortunately for it as a work of art, this something is allegorical rather than impressional. Detail has been carried to what in paint is prosaic fulness, and the title, not the *ensemble*, makes the thing the "Light of the World." Had it been called "Conscience," it would pictorially have been the fine and eminent picture it undoubtedly is now in spite of a too great insistence on allegorical detail and the enormous rubbish which has been superimposed upon it. Indeed, it is impossible to leave the gallery without a feeling of respect for the mental power and keen, though partial, perception of the painter. Though he has often been praised for qualities of which he has no trace, he is a painter, and, all incomplete as he is, one who often revels in a true painter's use of his material. He has, we are sure, less thought of preaching sermons or teaching archaeology than the Catalogue would have us believe. A good example is the statement that he painted the gay, beautiful, but impossible hues of the "Hireling Shepherd" in "rebuks of the sectarian vanities and vital negligences of the nation." A very sprightly laughing rebuke it is in the way of colour; but as we cannot imagine such sermons in paint having any influence on the policy of (let us say) Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Parnell, it appears that the artist would do better to avoid "vital negligences" in his own trade.

#### BISHOP BAGSHAW AND THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

THERE is a characteristic anecdote told of Robert Walpole that, on being asked why a certain noble lord, not highly reputed for wisdom or knowledge of any kind, was selected and studiously retained as a member of his Cabinet, he replied;

"Because I want a foolometer; when I have heard what all the other members of my Cabinet have to say about a measure, I know what the wise men will think of it, and when I have heard what Lord — has to say, I know what the fools will think of it, which is equally important, for mankind are largely made up of fools." We are far from meaning to intimate that the highly respectable ecclesiastic who holds the post of Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham is a fool, and still less that he was selected for that dignified position as a "foolometer" by the late Pope and Cardinal Manning, who were generally credited with having managed the appointment between them, though episcopal elections are assigned to the Cathedral Chapter by the too famous Bull of 1850 which "restored the most flourishing kingdom of England to its place in the ecclesiastical orbit" by reconstituting the Catholic hierarchy. But we suspect that many of the bishop's co-religionists would agree with us in thinking that, if he had wished to justify an appointment made on such Machiavellian grounds, he could hardly have achieved a more brilliant success. Dr. Bagshawe was formerly a member of the London Oratory, a Society then as now noted for its extreme ultramontaniam, but—to do it justice—not at all for any disloyal or democratic leanings, and indeed it is reported that the use of the Prayer for the Queen at High Mass—which had previously been omitted through some theological fad—has just been introduced at the Oratory Church, as though in protest against the treasonable manoeuvres of their most reverend and irrepressible Graces of Dublin and Cashel and their motley crew of followers, of which we have heard so much of late. There were curious stories current at the time of his appointment to the effect that Bishop Bagshawe was anxious to transport into his new diocese some features of his old Oratorian rule not by any means acceptable to his clergy, as *e.g.* the penitential use of "the discipline"—in the vulgar tongue whipping themselves—and that this salutary infliction was strenuously resisted by those concerned. Be that as it may, the ex-Oratorian does not seem to be equally mindful of the political traditions of his old community. Whether or not the Prayer for the Queen is used in his cathedral at Nottingham we are unable to say—probably not; but at all events he is in the closest alliance with his Irish episcopal colleagues, who have expunged it from the recent editions of their own devotional manuals. We called attention last year to a very singular pastoral of his, in which the doctrine of "three acres and a cow" and much more to the same effect was proclaimed from the altar throughout his diocese, not a little to the scandal of the English members of his flock, one of whom, Mr. Edwin de Lisle, published a pretty sharp rejoinder under the title of *Pastoral Politics*, and appealed directly from his bishop to the Pope, who is certainly not likely to favour any Socialistic or Fenian teaching. Not long afterwards Dr. Bagshawe began running a tilt in the columns of the *Tablet* against the Primrose League—which he most absurdly denounced as "a Secret Society," though it courts publicity in every way—and proceeded to exhort English Catholics to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Irish Nationalists in the interests of Catholic education, which the Irish bishops had just ostentatiously handed over to the charge of Mr. Parnell and his party, though Mr. Parnell is avowedly a "heretic"—a point Dr. Bagshawe should have been the last to forget—if not something more. Here again the bishop's exhortations and denunciations provoked sharp and indignant criticism from leading personages among those to whom they were specially addressed, as was natural. Meanwhile a lay relative of his own, apparently the head of his family, felt it necessary to write to the papers and disclaim all sympathy with his views.

Finding however that this discharge of light musketry in the shape of pastorals and newspaper correspondence produced little or no effect, the bishop now considers it time to bring up his heavy ordnance, and has announced his intention of enforcing his own view of the political situation—which is no doubt largely shared by the faithful Irish under his pastoral rule, though he is not himself an Irishman—by the more drastic machinery of excommunication. A paragraph appeared in the *Morning Post* last Monday—the italics are our own—stating that "Dr. Bagshawe, Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, has forbidden Catholics in his diocese from joining the Primrose League, because it is intrinsically dangerous for Catholics to expose themselves to strong influences, affecting the Church, religion, and public morality, of heretics, Freemasons, and Orangemen." Nor is the prohibition designed to be a matter of form or a *brutum fulmen*. On the contrary, the paragraph goes on to state that the bishop "warns his clergy that, if any Catholics have participated in the League within the limits of the diocese, or shall persist in disregard of this prohibition in founding, promoting, or attending Habitations or meetings of the League, they should not be absolved unless they renounced for the future such disobedient conduct." It will be interesting—to those who are personally unaffected by these extraordinary fulminations it would be amusing, were not the matter rather too grave for merriment—to watch the upshot of this Hildebrandine experiment in modern ecclesiastical democracy. When "a distracted Catholic" writes to the *Times* to say that the Roman Catholic bishop of an adjoining diocese is urging everybody to join the League, which his neighbour and brother of Nottingham has excommunicated, we can hardly help feeling that the sublime has merged in the ridiculous. That the pious sons, and still more the pious daughters, of the Church in the diocese of Nottingham, many of whom already hold prominent places in the interdicted Society, will quietly submit to this high-handed interference of spiritual

authority in matters purely political and social, is not of course for a moment to be imagined. A correspondent of the *Morning Post*, indeed, who signs himself "One of the Founders of the Primrose League, and a Member of the Grand Council," writes to express his belief that the bishop will at once withdraw his interdict as soon as he learns how entirely he is mistaken about the facts; that there is nothing whatever secret about the League, that there is room in its ranks for all classes of religionists, but no room for "Atheists or revolutionists," and that the Duke of Norfolk and many other Roman Catholic peers are among its warmest supporters. But Bishop Bagshawe can hardly have been ignorant of all this, or of the fact that the Duke of Norfolk—who holds property in his diocese, which perhaps brings him under the episcopal ban—had presided at a large meeting of the Primrose League only a few days before this marvellous ukase was issued. Another correspondent of the *Post* asks Dr. Bagshawe whether the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland have forbidden their people to join the Land League. And a third, "a Conservative Catholic," asks why Dr. Bagshawe forbids the cultivation of primroses, while "he is himself allowed all free-trade in the shamrock line." Of course he knows well enough that the Irish bishops, and he with them, have used the whole weight of their influence, personal and official, in support of what the late Mr. P. J. Smyth—himself a devout Catholic and a Nationalist—denounced with his dying breath as "the League of Hell." It is not his knowledge of the facts that is at fault, but his estimate of them.

Certainly the reasons given for this interdict are, especially under the circumstances, if possible stranger even than the interdict itself, and the bishop would have done more discreetly to issue his ukase without announcing any reasons for it. He has explained, however, that it is dangerous for Catholics to incur the risk of contamination, as regards "religion and public morality," by associating with "heretics, Freemasons, and Orangemen" in the Primrose League. "Heretics" is only an ecclesiastical definition for Protestants, and is not Mr. Parnell a professed Protestant? and has he not openly fraternized with the "Atheists and revolutionists" for whom, as we are assured by one of its founders, there is no room in the Primrose League? And then again as regards "public morality," what is to be said of that extremely orthodox and beneficent League—we will not repeat again Mr. P. J. Smyth's appropriate name for it—which, with the full approval of Dr. Bagshawe and his archiepiscopal and episcopal confrères in Ireland, has been good enough to relieve Her Majesty's Government of the task of ruling that "Isle of Saints"? If Dr. Bagshawe does not know that the leading principle of its moral code may be summarily ascertained by reading the Second Table of the Decalogue backwards, he ought to know it. To cite once more the reluctant confession of the late Mr. P. J. Smyth, "the Catholic Church has failed as a teacher of morality in Ireland." If Bishop Bagshawe's teaching were not happily exceptional—we may hope singular—among English Roman Catholic prelates, he would have seen good reason for applying the same remark to England. Yet it is contamination for Catholics to join the Primrose League on the score of "public morality." *Quis tulerit Gracchos?* As to the Society of Freemasons, we are not concerned to discuss its merits or demerits here. Some people think it a very "dangerous" Society, some a very silly one; if what is said of its objects and policy by its opponents is at all correct—as Bishop Bagshawe probably believes—it bears a strong resemblance in some respects to the National League. At all events it is assuredly a Secret Society, and as such falls under the ban of the Roman Catholic Church, and the bishop would therefore be quite within his rights in forbidding members of his flock to join it. But it is equally clear that the Primrose League, which is in no sense a Secret Society, does not fall under the ban, and Dr. Bagshawe might just as reasonably, according to his political preferences, forbid the faithful of his diocese to join the Reform Club or the Carlton. We are not concerned just now with the merits of the Primrose League any more than with those of the Freemasons. We can quite understand that there are Conservatives who, while in the main sympathizing with its objects, may not care to join it, and Liberals who, without joining it, in the existing situation of public affairs on the whole wish it well. But two things admit of no question, first—as we have said before—that it is not a Secret Society, and secondly that it has in fact exercised a considerable influence in the country, in a direction opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, and to Mr. Chamberlain's schemes of Socialism and Disestablishment. And this latter fact quite suffices to explain, though not at all to excuse, Bishop Bagshawe's peculiar fashion of beating "the drum ecclesiastick" against it. A bishop has a right no doubt, like other people, to his own opinions, however foolish or mischievous they may chance to be, but if he chooses to preach sedition and Socialism, he has no right to preach it in mitre and cope, still less to enforce his doctrine under pain of excommunication. Politics, wise or foolish, are one thing, pontifical authority is another. We are not surprised that "a Conservative Catholic" of Nottingham has already protested in the columns of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*, as "an Englishman who loves his country," against "this unwarrantable interference with our liberties as citizens," and the more because it comes from a prelate who "supports with his authority and influence the secret and soul-destroying Land League, an association that winks at murder and outrage and openly defies law and order." Nor can anybody wonder at his announcing his intention to join the Primrose League, and



advising his fellow-Catholics to do likewise, in spite of the unauthorized freaks of "an eccentric spiritual authority." He roundly assures "the worthy bishop" that "he will find he has burnt his fingers." However it is something in these days of general "flabbiness" to find a man who has the courage of his opinions, even though there be a certain flavour of Colney Hatch about them.

#### THE NEW FRENCH LOAN.

WHEN the existing French Cabinet was formed a pledge was given that no new loan should be issued; but only a couple of months have passed, and already a Bill is before the Chambers for raising a very large sum of money. The Minister of Finance contends, indeed, that the new loan will not be an addition to the liabilities of France; that it is a mere conversion or funding of floating debt, and this is no doubt true. But the best justification of the Minister is that the course he has adopted was inevitable. He gave a foolish pledge, and it would be absurd to sacrifice the interests of the country to personal consistency. It will be in the recollection of our readers that when M. de Freycinet was Minister of Public Works he induced the Parliament to adopt a great scheme for the construction of railways and other public works. The scheme was expanded by his successors, and it was still further enlarged by projects for the building of schools and for the general advancement of education. To provide for the expenditure, a large addition to the debt was of course necessary; but the Government of the time shrank from adding permanently to the liabilities of France. They undertook, therefore, to provide, in the creation of each loan, for its repayment, and consequently the issues took the form of redeemable Rentes. These redeemable Rentes, however, did not prove acceptable to investors, and at last it was found necessary to give them up. Before doing so, however, an attempt was made to reduce the outlay upon public works. It was found that the Freycinet scheme was too gigantic even for the vast resources of France, and therefore it was resolved to enter into a convention with the Railway Companies to hand over to them the task of constructing the new lines required. Still, there remained the cost of constructing harbours, roads, schools, colleges, and the like, and the still further cost of the reckless colonial policy into which the country had drifted. Thus of the extraordinary expenditure, the convention with the Railway Companies relieved the State of only about one-half. The war in Tonquin added still more largely to the extraordinary expenditure, and thus the floating debt has been rapidly growing. When it was found impossible to issue further redeemable Rentes upon favourable terms, it was decided to borrow in another form, which would provide for the gradual redemption of the new debt. Bonds running for six years were issued; and besides voting the interest for these bonds 4 millions sterling a year were set aside to form a sinking fund. This plan, however, has also broken down. When the present Ministers came into office they pledged themselves not only to raise no new loan, but also to abolish the Extraordinary Budget. The Extraordinary Budget, which was originally intended to include only expenses which were really extraordinary—which were temporary in their nature, that is—proved too strong a temptation to needy Ministers. Gradually much expenditure of a permanent nature which it was not found convenient to defray in the current year was inserted in the Extraordinary Budget. The scandal has become so gross that at last Ministers have found it necessary to abolish the Extraordinary Budget. But as expenses defrayed from that Budget cannot abruptly be stopped, the addition of the Extraordinary to the Ordinary Budget has resulted in an estimated deficit for next year of nearly 8½ millions sterling, and the Minister at once perceived that this deficit can be stopped only by means of a public loan.

As we said above, a Sinking Fund for redeeming the six-year bonds amounting to 4 millions sterling is provided for. If these bonds were to be funded in permanent Rentes, it will be seen that the Sinking Fund would be set free, and that thus the means of covering nearly half the deficit would at once be afforded. In the next place, by putting pressure upon his colleagues M. Sadi Carnot has obtained a saving in the estimated outlay of about 2½ millions sterling. The deficit is thus at once reduced to 2 millions sterling. An increase of the drink duties and a saving effected by the funding of the floating debt will, it is estimated, just about balance revenue and expenditure. Of the six-year bonds there have actually been issued nearly 18½ millions sterling, and for the current year it is estimated that there will be required a little over 6 millions sterling. The six-year bonds issued, or to be issued, amount therefore to about 24½ millions sterling. Of the floating debt it is intended to fund about 29½ millions sterling, making, together with the six-year bonds, about 54 millions sterling. Other obligations which have to be funded bring up the total amount to nearly 58½ millions sterling. The price of issue is not yet settled. How much Rentes it will therefore be necessary to create in order to provide this sum cannot yet be stated. The official estimate is that the issue will amount to about 72 millions sterling, while the unofficial estimate is as high as 80 millions sterling. The addition to the debt will therefore be something between 72 and 80 millions sterling. It is unquestionably an enormous sum in the present condition of France.

As the French debt is reckoned by the annual charge to the country, not by its nominal capital amount, as in England the debt is given, it is difficult to state exactly what the French debt amounts to; but roughly it must be considerably over a thousand millions sterling. To this immense sum there now is to be added, say, 75 millions sterling, and even then there is the prospect of a further large addition. Only a portion of the floating debt, as stated above, is to be funded. The new loan will provide for the borrowings necessary in the current year and next year; but in 1888 there will, no doubt, again be necessary a considerable addition to the floating debt. In a few years, therefore, it is almost inevitable that a new loan will be brought out. In the meantime the economic condition of France is exceedingly unsatisfactory. The phylloxera is ravaging one of the very greatest of French industries; the competition of Germany is driving France out of the sugar market; the competition of the United States, Australia, and India is telling upon the wheat and meat trades; and the commercial depression is at least as great as it is here at home. In this state of things it is natural that the productiveness of the taxes should fall off, and year by year, in fact, this is found to be the case. The attempt to provide a sinking fund so as to redeem the new debts so constantly being created has to be given up, and, even so, the estimated deficit is covered only by temporary resources and by adding to the taxation. But the taxation has been increased so enormously since the war that it evidently has nearly reached the limit of productiveness. Nor is the influence of the fall in prices to be left out of sight. In France as well as everywhere else the fall in prices is necessarily reducing the productiveness of the taxes. The whole income of the country, measured in money, being smaller than it would be were it not for the fall, the taxation which is collected in money must necessarily also be smaller; and consequently we see, not in France only but all over Europe, the taxes growing less and less productive. While, therefore, the fixed charges of the French Government are growing so rapidly, the productiveness of the taxation is growing less.

But, while all this is true, too much must not be made of the embarrassments of France. The country is undoubtedly one of the richest in the world; with the exception of our own country and the United States, it is certainly the richest on earth. The people are exceedingly thrifty, hard-working, and patient, and the accumulated capital is very large. The present depression in trade will pass away, confidence will revive, and after awhile business will adapt itself to the new level of prices. Besides, it must not be forgotten that, large as the French debt is, to a very considerable extent it represents property which is exceedingly valuable. For example, in the course of next century the whole of the railways in France will become the property of the State. Even now the reversionary value of this vast property is considerable; when the inheritance falls in it will probably be 500 or 600 millions sterling. Furthermore, the redeemable Rentes will be paid off in the course of the next century, which will reduce the debt by 160 millions sterling; and without reckoning upon any great redemption in the meanwhile, it will be seen that, these reductions being made, the debt of France will not look as formidable as it at first sight appears to be, assuming, of course, that new debt is not added at the rate of the past few years. Lastly, a good deal of the debt is being incurred for purposes which, though they bring in no revenue to the Treasury, are yet vastly conducive to the welfare and prosperity of the country. Canals, harbours, and roads minister to the trade of France, and consequently to her welfare; and though the expenditure upon education may be, under existing circumstances, too great, there can be no doubt at all that French education was lamentably backward, and that the efficiency of the population in an economic as well as in a military sense will be increased by the outlay now being incurred. If, then, the French people and their rulers recognize the financial mistakes they have made during the past ten years, if they curtail greatly their public works expenditure, and especially if they avoid the wild colonial policy into which they have drifted, it will not be a very difficult task to restore order to the French finances. There has been much waste, much extravagance, and much ignorance; but the country is rich enough to pay for its follies, if it recognizes that it has been foolish, and at last resolves upon rigorous retrenchment. All depends upon whether rigorous retrenchment is practised. Since the outbreak of the war with Germany the charge of the debt has increased more than 140 per cent. Even the richest country cannot long afford to pile debt upon debt at that rate. But in spite of depression and phylloxera wealth is accumulating, and, if greater prudence is observed in the future, the burden of debt will become lighter every year that passes.

#### THE THEATRES.

IN dedicating *She Stoops to Conquer* to Johnson, Goldsmith fears that "the undertaking a comedy not merely sentimental was very dangerous"; but it is certain that there is at present no sort of danger to be apprehended from this source. The production of a comedy which was merely sentimental would be very dangerous indeed, for it is now understood that the aim of comedy should be not to move the sentiment of spectators, but to divert.

It is for this reason that the representation of *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Haymarket Theatre fails to hit the mark. The performance is not diverting. The frankness and buoyancy of Goldsmith's humour are missing. We do not find that any one quite hits the mark unless it is Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Barrymore is not far off, but most of the others make distinct misses. There are some admirable players here, but their tasks do not seem to be congenial. It is not in pure comedy that Mrs. Bernard-Beere can best exhibit her excellent qualities. She does certain things extremely well, but none of these things has to be done in the character of Kate Hardcastle. Lightness of touch, the ripple of merriment are wanting. We do not imagine Kate Hardcastle to have been of so deep a voice, so imposing a presence as the lady we find here. Mr. Brookfield's Tony Lumpkin is apparently an experiment. In an endeavour to be original he leaves the traditional lines of the character. There is a decided spice of venom about this Tony, whose tricks are suggested rather by malice than by irrepressibly high spirits. This view may not be altogether without some sort of warrant in the play as Goldsmith left it. "Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and bound the half year," Tony says, and speaks of being "revenged." "Hound" and "whelp" are hard words, which may suggest, if strictly accepted, that the lad was actuated by something else, something stronger than a mere love of mischief. The landlord of the "Three Pigeons," again, speaks somewhat bitterly of his young patron. But it is to consider too curiously to consider so. Mr. Brookfield may be able to prove from the text that his reading is justifiable. It is easy to understand the wish of a young actor to avoid trodden paths, to seek out a new way for himself; and, if this new way is in an accepted character, so much the better for his claims to originality; but, before the old way is abandoned and the new one chosen, it is most essential to see that a desirable goal can be reached. Since Mr. Pinerio played Sir Anthony Absolute, which was probably the worst representation of a high-comedy character the modern stage has seen, there has been nothing quite so bad as the Hardcastle of Mr. Farren, junior. He is harsh, severe, utterly without geniality, a Hardcastle who would be far more likely to quarrel with his guests than to make their visit agreeable. The Mrs. Hardcastle of Mrs. Chippendale and the Marlow of Mr. Barrymore are more discreetly contrived. On the whole, Goldsmith is unrecognizable.

An interesting performance was given on Thursday at the Prince's Theatre of *The Lady of Lyons*, a play which critics deride and audiences flock to see. Both the critics and the audiences are right. The weak points of Lord Lytton's work can escape the scrutiny of no student of the drama, but in representation the piece can be made effective or impressive according to the capacity of its representatives. At the Prince's Theatre what is best in it was brought out, what is worst was cleverly hidden. The promise of good things which we have traced in Mrs. Langtry, the new Pauline, is now admitted by the majority of those who had hitherto expressed an inability to perceive it. The emotions of Pauline are interpreted with fidelity. Little is wanted beyond grace and distinction of manner, and a something in the presence of Pauline to explain the infatuation of Claude, till the third act, when the bride is taken to her husband's cottage. Here it is that the familiar Pauline frequently fails, and here it was that Mrs. Langtry notably succeeded. The hesitating realization of a truth so bitter to the haughty girl was admirably conveyed in the question, "Is this a jest?" and there was keen appreciation of the dramatic idea about the manner in which love was shown to be struggling through the wrath and indignation which overwhelm her. It requires no little art to hold the balance justly here. Much in the part of Pauline may be learnt and rehearsed; but to play it as it was played by Mrs. Langtry the emotion must be felt, or there must at least be that artistic instinct which successfully counterfeits feeling. Into Diderot's argument we have not here leisure to enter. Amongst other noteworthy points was the cry of joy with which Pauline recognizes that the mysterious Colonel Morier is, indeed, her husband. Mr. Coghlan was not able to discover a way—no way is discoverable—in which Melnotte can comport himself naturally in the Deschappelles' drawing-room. It is the fault of the dramatist, not of the actor, that Claude Melnotte can only avoid discovery by the clumsy expedient of turning his back upon his interlocutors or of hiding his face behind his hat; and even then it is felt by the spectator that his voice must assuredly betray him. The artificiality is constantly felt, and yet the burst of joy with which Pauline recognized that this was her husband created illusion and satisfied the sympathies which had been roused. Mr. Coghlan's Melnotte deserves more than the passing word of cordial commendation that can be here given to it. There are many weak places in the drama, and the remarkable adroitness with which the actor skates over thin ice is warmly to be praised. There is a firmness in his handling of the part which carries all before it. A better Claude no Pauline could desire, and in the new Pauline the Claude is highly fortunate.

At Toole's Theatre, the "National Theatre," as Mr. Burnand's witty travestie has it, Mr. Maddison Morton's *Going It*, and Mr. Burnand's *Faust and Loose* improve on acquaintance. Mr. Maddison Morton is the dean of the English farce which he wisely put into one act, and which now, wisely or unwisely, his successors put into several acts. The unique charm of Mr. Maddison Morton's dialogue—it consists, when closely examined, of a statement of facts—is as clear in *Going It* as in *Box and Cox*. Mr.

Shelton's acting of Gigswick in *Going It* has, perhaps, been overshadowed by his excellent performance of Margaret's mother in *Faust and Loose*. Both performances deserve high praise, and the whole evening at Toole's Theatre is to be recommended to all persons who can say that "on the whole, they are not unintelligent."

#### AN UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE.

MY dear Mr. GL-DST-NE,

In willing response

To your letter my views on your project inviting  
I take up my pen to address you at once,  
And reduce, as you wish, my objections to writing.

They mainly repose, you will see, on the fact  
That the scheme of Home Rule your proposals prefigure  
Appears to be that which I've always attacked  
With whate'er I possess of rhetorical vigour.

I have banned and denounced it, as every one knows;  
I have called it "betrayal" of England, if granted;  
I have talked with dismay of "a nation of foes"  
Within some thirty miles of our shores "being planted."

And with such declarations as these in my rear,  
With such flouts of Parnell and his "cynical offer,"  
To concur in your plan would expose me, I fear,  
To the gibes of the Whig or Conservative scoffer.

My dear Mr. CH-MB-RL-N,

Much as I feel

That your scruples become you, forgive the suggestion  
That some unacquaintance they seem to reveal  
With what I've been saying myself on the question.

For I think you will find, on examining well  
My political speeches before I decided  
To go for the programme of Mr. Parnell,  
That no one denounced it more fiercely than I did.

I was wont against "rapine," you know, to exclaim;  
I inveighed against tactics of sheer spoliation  
Pursued to achieve a political aim,  
Which I said was directed to "disintegration."

And thus your punctilios appear to my mind  
Just the least in the world—you'll excuse me—fantastic;  
I expect, if I swallow my pledges, to find  
My lieutenant's oesophagus no less elastic.

And, in short, I'm compelled to withhold my belief  
From the reasons alleged your defection to cover,  
So must beg you more frankly to deal with your chief,  
And explain your true motive for throwing me over.

My dear Mr. GL-DST-NE,

I cheerfully loose

At so blunt a request all restraints on my candour;  
My doubt, then, is this, whether sauce for the goose  
Must be always and everywhere sauce for the gander.

For though into training you possibly may  
Your young party, a thus far undisciplined cub, lick,  
Still, granting *they* dance to your piping, I say,  
I don't feel so sure you'll bamboozle the public.

You'll risk it? Your years such a hazard befits,  
But you seem to forget of my birth what the date is,  
And I don't see why I should play double or quits  
At the wish of a man who is nearing the eighties.

My dear Mr. CH-MB-RL-N,

Caution, no doubt,

Stands for wisdom in some people's sole definition;  
Your shrewd calculations perhaps might work out,  
Were it not for one force you neglect—competition.

You forget that you risk being passed in the race,  
Nor would aught, I imagine, disgust you so sorely,  
As finding the fence that you dared not to face  
Had been cleared, and in triumph, by one Mr. M-rl-y.

My dear Mr. GL-DST-NE,

I don't think I need,

On a point I've so fully considered, address you.

My dear Mr. CH-MB-RL-N,

Don't you, indeed?

Then I've only to bid you good-bye, and God bless you!



## REVIEWS.

## FAUST.\*

It may, of course, be presumed without impertinence that the appearance, after a considerable interval, of the Second Part of Sir Theodore Martin's translation of *Faust* at this precise moment is not unconnected with the interest aroused in the First Part by Mr. Irving's successful performance of a very unsuccessful version. To speak frankly, it is certain that of those who may be attracted by this circumstance to the Second no small proportion will probably drop the book before long for one reason or the other. But it is at the same time hardly less certain that some will persevere, and that they might not have been instigated to begin at all but for the Lyceum play. Therefore, from every point of view, Sir Theodore Martin was quite right to take the ball at its rebound. For our own parts we profess ourselves, without fear, fervent admirers of the poem (play it can hardly be called) which has been a stumbling-block to so many; but it would be unkind not to warn readers that it has proved, and, unless wisely read, is likely always to prove, a stumbling-block. This consummate work of Goethe's has been dealt with exactly as the still more consummate work of Shakspeare and of Dante (and especially the latter, to which it is nearer in kind) has been dealt with. To many it is simply and frankly a puzzle. The masquerades and juggleries at the Emperor's Court, the bewildering Classical Walpurgis Night, and the scarcely less bewildering spouses of Faust and Helena at a time which is no time, in a place which is no place, and in a manner which is no intelligible manner, choke off, to use a phrase expressive if not dignified, probably nineteen-twentieths of the readers. The fourth and fifth acts are, indeed, much less obscure; and, if the exquisite poetry of the conclusion is, as a whole, in too high a key for some, no one can fail to catch a part of its beauty. But, as has been said, the ordinary reader does not reach it; he is left gasping on the Plain of Pharsalia or struggling in the Messenian Mountains. On the other hand, the dangers of an opposite kind are nearly as bad. German commentators are almost bywords to what thing soever they apply themselves; but German commentatorship has out-commentatorized itself as to this masterpiece of its own language, and foreign readers have too often meekly allowed themselves to be persuaded that, if they do not see all the allegories and some more, all the soul points and some more, all the moral lessons and some more, which the tribe of scholiasts have heaped on everything and everybody in the play, from the brunette on whose feet Mephistopheles treads to the "fat devils with short straight horns" who made such a mess of their task of watching for Faust's soul—that if, we say, they do not see all this, they are Philistines, unworthy to read Goethe at all.

Sir Theodore Martin's prefatory remarks, which are all too short, show that he himself takes, if not entirely, yet to a great extent, the only *via media* of salvation between this Scylla and this Charybdis. He reprobates energetically (and here we are simply with him) the laziness of those who take the Second Part for granted, and the presumption of those who think that Goethe did not know what he was about, and had much better have left the cry of "Heinrich!" to reverberate "into die Ewigkeit," with nothing to follow it. He is perfectly right in holding that the general moral of the Second Part is the old and by no means recondite one that the least vain of all vanities—if, indeed, all is vanity—is solid work for the benefit of others as well as of self. But we should have liked a little more direct expression of his no doubt very sound views on two points. The first is a distinct laying down of the doctrine that the bewildering multitude of subjects and figures after all probably, if not certainly, means nothing more than that the poet desired to give his hero as large an experience as possible; while parts, again, such as the Archbishop's covetous insistence, are mere satirical by-play in which it is vain to seek any recondite meaning. The second is, that the great talisman to keep the mind from wandering after endless allusions and parallel passages and morals and immorals and philosophical explanations, is to remember that the whole is distinctly phantasmagoric. Not only is there no such simple, straightforward action as fills, with the exception of a few digressions, the whole of the First Part, but there is no attempt at such action. The whole is a vast show, with Mephistopheles for the half-conscious and half-unconscious showman; and the commonplace of calling it a dream (a perfectly sensible commonplace) might of itself suggest to any one to take it in the unquestioning spirit in which a dreamer accepts his dreams. Of course special interpretations are sometimes obvious, and sometimes not at all improbable. We may, whether the commentators agree or not, think that the odd fancy of sending Wagner's Homunculus to guide Faust and Mephistopheles to the classical Wonderland hints at the service which the mere grubbing of scholarly pedants often yields to really literary students. But we must not lay this down positively, or argue about it, or bother ourselves about it anyhow. It is quite true, as Sir Theodore observes, that nobody but a person of some cultivation can read the Helena story, because in any other persons the reading must require long and tedious introduction to the personages. But the person of decent cultiva-

tion being assumed (and it is surely no insult to any reader to suppose him that), what he has got to do is to sit quietly and voluptuously in his stall and let Mephistopheles or Goethe (who, indeed, were in some ways very much like each other) unfold before him this richest and most varied panorama of dreams in all literature.

Sir Theodore Martin, who very frankly admits that "when Goethe is at his best he is untranslatable," will not expect us to say that we feel as happy when we are reading his own translation as when we are reading Goethe. He has, however, made a very valiant attempt to master the great difficulty besetting every one who attempts to render into any other language either of the two greatest of German poets, Goethe and Heine. This difficulty is not, we think, always recognized for what it is. It lies in the proneness of the language generally, and of German as used by Goethe and Heine in particular, to mix up the familiar and the poetical style and vocabulary in an inextricable blend. Fail to reproduce this blend, and you fail to reproduce the most essential quality of the German. Attempt to reproduce it, and you almost inevitably fall into what the French untranslatably call *le saugrenu*. Thus, for instance, when Sir Theodore writes—

We're fly to all that sort of game,

the words jar a little, though one does not take any exceptions to Goethe's

Wir passen nun ganz anders auf.

Here and there, too, there is a certain carelessness in selecting the exactly right equivalent of his idiomatic German. For instance, the very first words of the play, the scene description "*Anmuthige Gegend*," mean beyond all question a "cheerful" landscape, a "smiling" one as old-fashioned poets used to call it. Sir Theodore translates *anmuthige* "beautiful," which is far too vague, and might apply to anything, from Mont Blanc to Richmond Hill. Moreover, it does not explain the peculiar soothing and reconciling effect which the scene is subsequently described as having on Faust's mind. But the version is, on the whole, good, and will bear favourable comparison with that with which it is most likely to be compared, the late Mr. Bayard Taylor's. The Englishman has one very great advantage over the American, in that he much more rarely forces a word for the sake of rhyme or rhythm. Thus Bayard Taylor renders *Erfüllungspforten findet Flügel offen* "The portals of fulfilment widely *sever*," though no one speaking or writing English would dream of using "*sever*" in this sense, and though *flügel* is shirked altogether. Sir Theodore Martin gives "Fulfilment's winged portals wide expand." Here, it is true, neither has given the complete sense, which is that the leaves of the door fly open like wings previously folded on the breast; but the present translator is both closer and more elegant. To go to the other extreme of the play, the wonderful closing octave "*Alles Vergängliche*," one of the most beautiful things in poetry, is thus rendered by the two:—

## TAYLOR.

All things transitory  
But as symbols were sent:  
Earth's insufficiency  
Here grows to Event:  
The Indescribable  
Here it is done:  
The Woman-Soul leadeth us  
Upward and on!

## MARTIN.

All in Earth's fleeting state  
As symbol is still meant:  
Here the inadequate  
Grows to fulfilment.  
What tongue may utter not,  
Here it is done:  
The woman-soul draweth us  
Upward and on.

We do not, we confess, like either; but here, again, Sir Theodore Martin, who frankly acknowledges his borrowing of the last two lines, is far better than his predecessor. "Transitory" is vile both in itself and as a rhyme to "insufficiency"; "Earth's" is a most clumsy stopgap, and Mr. Taylor showed his usual indifference to association and usage by asserting that they do "indescribable" things in heaven. Sir Theodore at least avoids these, though he might have rhymed his fifth and seventh. But such an *empêrène à triple couronne* as *vergängliche, unzulängliche, unbeschreibliche, and ewig-weibliche* (which is no more "woman-soul" than Boston is Man-soul) is probably not to be reproduced in English where even double, and much more triple, rhymes almost inevitably run to comedy. Some minor matters might be improved. Among the very few notes given, it is odd to find a long one quoted from Bayard Taylor as to Mary of Egypt, whom Sir Theodore by a very unfortunate error prints "*Mater Egyptiaca*." Surely one famous picture, if nothing else, must have made the desert Magdalen familiar to English readers. Nor is "Bully," which both translators give, at all a good version of "*Raufbold*," as it breaks the analogy with "Habe-bald" and "Haltefest." "Strike-hard," "Grab-quick," and "Hold-fast" are clearly the three strong men.

But these *minutiae* may be objected to almost all versions, and there is no need to dwell longer on them. A little of the meaning and a great deal of the music are inevitably lost in this version as in any. But enough remain to make the merely English reader, unless he is an ungrateful person, return hearty thanks to Sir Theodore Martin.

## LEGGE'S UNPOPULAR KING.\*

THE task of whitewashing Richard III. has again been taken in hand, this time by Mr. Legge, whose labours, we own, leave

\* *The Unpopular King: the Life and Times of Richard III.* By Alfred O. Legge, F.C.H.S., Author of "The Life of Pius IX.," "The Temporal Power of the Papacy," "A Life of Consecration," &c. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

\* *Faust: a Dramatic Poem.* By Goethe. Part II. Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1886.

as pretty much where we were. Following in the steps of Horace Walpole, he does indeed succeed in showing that the received story of the murder of the children of Edward is full of inconsistencies and improbabilities. But his efforts have not availed to clear off the dark cloud of suspicion that hangs over Richard, and till that is effected, we shall not be greatly touched by any demonstration of "the Unpopular King's" gifts and graces, not even by "that very wantonness of intellectual wealth, that greatness of soul, and generosity—boundless and incapable of exhaustion because of his instinctive scorn of meanness—which characterized the King." We grant to Mr. Legge that Richard's defeat on the field at Bosworth is indirectly answerable for great part of our moral abhorrence. If he had come off conqueror, if he had lived and prospered, and founded a dynasty, little would have been said about the disappearance of his nephews. The pathetic picture of the sleeping children would never have been set before our eyes; "the pity of it" and the horror of it would not have taken so strong a hold on us. But though the disappearance of the children would not have filled so great a place in our minds, it would none the less have been an ugly mystery, and have left an ineffaceable stain on Richard's reputation. And till some disculpation evidence comes to light, as is hardly likely, the general judgment upon him will not be perceptibly affected by anything his apologists can urge as to his merits in other respects. Mr. Legge indeed appears to write with an eye to the enlightenment of "readers of our immortal bard," and those who derive their history solely from Shakespeare may need to be informed that Richard III. was not physically, or even morally, a monster. But better-informed readers would, we think, prefer that Mr. Legge should have curtailed his disquisitions upon Richard's character, and his balancing of virtues against vices, and have confined himself more rigidly to setting before us ascertained facts, in such fresh light as his researches may have thrown upon them. There is something irritating in the perpetual effort to discover amiable traits in his hero. He cannot come upon an entry in the Wardrobe accounts of two down pillows for the Lady Bridget (daughter of Edward IV.), "being sick," without remarking upon it as "so in harmony with Richard's considerateness." Not that the author is incapable of seeing a blot in his hero's character. Though the creation of "elective County Boards" in Ireland "is demanded by every principle of political morality," yet, he sadly admits, "Nothing was further from the purpose of Richard III. than to make such concessions." Mr. Legge is clearly all for governing Ireland according to Irish ideas; for immediately after quoting Richard's instructions to the Earl of Desmond to secure the impartial administration of the law, and to provide that "the Kinges subgiettes may be assured to goo and passe without robbing and unlawful letting," he naively adds (the italics are ours), "*These attempts to enforce habits foreign to the wishes of the people, met with no better success than they deserved. Their temporary success . . . served but to create a new grievance in the minds of a generous but sensitive people.*" This is at the opening of the second volume; the first one begins with a discourse upon the Plantagenet period, in which appear "the people's battle" and "the sigh of humanity" and "a democratic principle." To come to matters more immediately connected with the Plantagenets, we may observe that it is only in a very indirect sense that Henry II. can be classed among those kings who "had their days shortened by violence," and that in the foot-note on p. 2 there is evidently a misunderstanding of the authority cited, Sir George Buck. It is not *Geoffrey Plantagenet*, but his ancestor Fulk, whom Buck represents as having had himself scourged with broom-twigs at Jerusalem. The pilgrimage and penance of Count Fulk are historical, though the detail of the broom-twigs requires confirmation. We notice that Mr. Legge repeats the story to which the chronicler Hall gave currency, that the young Earl of Rutland, when slain at Wakefield, "was a boy of twelve." The date of his birth, as fixed by the contemporary authority of William Worcester, shows that he was really in his eighteenth year. In the account of Queen Margaret's adventures after the defeat of Hexham, Mr. Legge, as he fully acknowledges, avails himself of Miss Strickland's "translation . . . from the almost untranslatable Burgundian French of the fifteenth century"—to wit, from the *Chronicle of Chastellain*. The specimen of the original which he appends hardly warrants this description, for any one could make it out with the help of Brachet and Littré; and Chastellain certainly does not present more difficulties than, say, Le Bel or Froissart. Nor is the English narrative known as "*The Arrival of Edward IV.*" or the "*Fleetwood Chronicle*" quite so recondite as the reader might at first be led to suppose. It seems rather out of date to describe it as "this important MS., the very existence of which is unknown to many scholars," when, three lines below, it appears that it was edited for the Camden Society (in 1838). To this we may add that in Bohn's *Chronicles of the White Rose* there is a version in modernized spelling; that both editions are mentioned in the list of authorities given in that well-known book of reference, the *Annals of England*; that in one or other of its printed forms the narrative has been cited by Lingard—who, as well as Sharon Turner, had made use of it before it was printed—by Charles Knight, by the late J. R. Green, and by the Bishop of Ochester.

As a whole, Mr. Legge's book seems to be a curious mixture of original work and compilation. Even in dealing with his main subject, the life of Richard, his references, which he is commendably honest in giving, show him to be not infrequently de-

pendent upon late or modern authorities. Thus in the case of one of the offices held by Sir James Tyrell—a matter of importance for the purposes of Mr. Legge's argument—we might fairly ask for something more than a reference to Horace Walpole. Two of his authorities he antedates, for he describes Habington—who, if the elder Habington is meant, was born in 1560, or, if the younger, in 1605—as "the contemporary historian of the reign of Edward IV.," and also as "contemporary with Sir Thomas More," accounts not quite consistent with each other; while he speaks of Hutton, who was born in 1723 and died in 1815, as "writing a century after Richard's death." In his own account of Bosworth some of the military details are drawn from no higher authority than Sir Richard Baker, to whom indeed there are also references in earlier parts of the narrative. Once we come upon him apparently disguised under the solemn style of "a late historian" who "has not hesitated to disgrace his pages" by an exaggerated description of the crook-backed King's personal defects. Such grave rebuke seems thrown away upon poor Sir Richard Baker, who only touched upon the colours of the traditional portrait, and who in these days is not generally taken for a critical historian—who indeed is hardly remembered except in connexion with his assiduous reader, Sir Roger de Coverley. Yet, notwithstanding the author's addiction to Sir Richard Baker, it would be a mistake hastily to set down his book as a mere compilation. To say nothing of printed contemporary authorities, his frequent references to official documents, patents, and such like, among the Harleian MSS. bear out his account of his researches among unprinted materials; and he has moreover had the advantage of consulting "a contemporary MS. of great interest in the library at Hardwick Hall, to which no former writer has referred." Here, however, he fails to set the result of his work before us in workmanlike fashion. He tells us that "this unique and important document" is entitled "The Encomium of Richard y<sup>e</sup> Third," by William Cornewaleys, that it was "suggested in all probability by the tergiversations of Rous" after the fall of Richard, and that the author declares that he looks "for no reward but calumny." But of the history of the manuscript, or of the evidence, external or internal, of its date and authenticity, or of its author, and of his sources of information, we learn nothing from Mr. Legge. Judging from the quotations, it would appear that the *Encomium* is mainly rhetorical, and does not contain any very striking facts. The most important points we have noticed are that Cornewaleys confirms the story of the Earl of Warwick being sent to treat for the marriage of Edward IV. "with a neece of y<sup>e</sup> french king's"; that he accuses Lord Hastings of leading King Edward into evil ways; and that he lays stress upon Colyngbourne's having been put to death for serious treason, and "not for that silly, ridiculous libell"—to wit, the famous couplet about the Rat, the Cat, &c. To these it may be added that he throws out some hint or suggestion that the slaughter of the Lancastrian Prince Edward, in or after Tewkesbury fight, was done by the order of Edward of York. On this point it would be interesting to have Cornewaleys's exact words; but Mr. Legge is here vexatiously vague. That the *Encomium* throws no light upon the fate of "the children in the Tower" may be inferred from the absence of any reference to it in that part of Mr. Legge's work which treats of their disappearance. Mr. Legge himself sets forth all the theories on the subject—any one of them preferable in his eyes to that of their murder by their uncle. All those, however, that suppose the Princes, one or both, to have been spirited out of the Tower leave us to face the question, What became of them? The most satisfactory way out of this is to accept the story of Perkin Warbeck. Admitting that somebody murdered them, all the guesses offered savour of a necessity to substitute another name for that of Richard. He is to be cleared of bloodguiltiness simply by transferring it to Henry VII., to Buckingham, to the Rat and the Cat, to anybody, in short, that comes to hand. We notice that Mr. Legge says that the murder of the Princes "is not so much as mentioned in the Act of Parliament which attained Richard." But there seems a clear allusion to it in the "Treasons, Homicides and Murders, in shedding of Infants blood," which are charged upon him in the preamble. The strongest point in his favour is undoubtedly, as we intimated before, the romantic nature of the story afterwards put forth as the confessions of Tyrell and Dighton, and stamped with the authority of More and Bacon. The way in which this story brings Tyrell into the business, on the recommendation of an unnamed page, is quite in the ballad manner—"Then up and spake the little foot-page," and so on. One feature of the tradition is that Tyrell received knight-hood in guerdon of his crime. But in fact, as Mr. Legge tells us, Tyrell had been knighted under Edward IV., and had been raised by Richard to the higher rank of banneret in recognition of his services in the Scottish campaign, and at a time previous to the supposed murder.

The story finds its natural sequel in that of the awful "dream of ghosts" on the eve of the battle in which the murderer met his doom. As represented by Shakespeare, or even in Hall's less poetical form of "diverse ymages lyke terrible develles which pulled and haled hym," the vision is intelligible, whether we believe in it or not. But we confess that we fail to realize Richard's waking sensations, as described by Mr. Legge. If any earlier author has told the tale in plain words, we shall be glad to be referred to him:—

The sun arose, there was movement through the army, but the King was alive only to the sense of a strange confusion in the words and actions of the



orderly awaking camp. Everything assumed an archaic aspect, every tongue uttered anachronisms. Outraged nature was taking her revenge upon an unwilling and an unconscious violator of her laws.

The bravest of mortals may fear a ghost. But we cannot believe that a man of Richard's strength of character would have turned a hair if anachronisms had been uttered in his camp all day long.

#### THE WESTERN PACIFIC AND NEW GUINEA.\*

MR. ROMILLY'S book on the Western Pacific is the most interesting and by far the most diverting account of wild peoples and half-discovered lands that we have read since the Pakeha Maori published *Old New Zealand*. Like the Pakeha Maori, Mr. Romilly has plenty of humour, not strained, nor reminiscent of Mark Twain. Like the older writer, too, he has much sympathy with the island peoples; and, from his position as Acting Special Commissioner for New Guinea, he has enjoyed unusual opportunities of investigation in some fifteen million miles of land and water.

The isles of the Western Pacific are recommended by Mr. Romilly to the attention of yachtsmen. They are quite full of every sort of interest, from cannibals to orchids, from mountain scenery to wonderful carved temples of gods literally unknown. If Phœacia is to be discovered at all, it must be in these seas, where are several islands not to be found on any map, and where the white trader keeps his knowledge to himself. But yachtsmen, if they go thither, and we hope they will, must be very careful. They may make most valuable discoveries in various branches of science; but they must take heed to their manners, and be distrustful of the natives. Many of these tribes have blood feuds with the whole Aryan race. Our labour vessels have carried off tribesmen, have killed others in the struggle, and have returned the captives infected with European diseases, peculiarly dreadful and deadly in a new field. Thus measles killed forty thousand people in Fiji. For all these excellent reasons the natives of New Britain, New Ireland, the Solomon Group, and the rest are apt (in accordance with the law of the blood-feud) to kill any white man they happen to catch. This is perfectly fair and natural from their point of view. About thirty years ago the owner of a yacht—Mr. Benjamin Boyd, of the *Wanderer*—was carried off by natives, and probably lived with them in the bush for the rest of his days. His initials, B. B., were found cut on trees, and this shows that he was not killed at once. If spared at first, it is more likely that he was worshipped than murdered afterwards, and Boyd may be the Zeus of some island which in later ages will show the sepulchre of the God. But now, after the blood-feud with the whites has become a regular institution, the captured yachtsman would more probably be eaten than adored. MacLay, the great Russian traveller, was nearly taken for a deity; but he was also nearly killed in preliminary experiments (with spears) to prove whether or not he was mortal. On several of the coasts MacLay is still a name to conjure with. The voyager must be careful to get on friendly terms with the people before he lands, still more before he tries to see anything of the bush. He had better make his will before attempting these adventures; but then what delightful adventures they are. Why should men like Mr. Leigh Smith go beyond the north wind, where there is literally no human interest, when lands undiscovered and full of strange tribes, odd art, quaint gods, and beautiful flowers await them in the Pacific? A man with pluck, money, and a steam-yacht might enjoy something as near the unique experience of Cortes as it is given to moderns to attain. Yet many men, with these advantages, and with the opportunity of being out of England while Mr. Gladstone and his friends run their rigs, will waste the season in town. How much better to sail where "there are probably some islands which have never even been sighted."

Mr. Romilly gives good advice to the curious voyager as to studying native manners. The New Britons (like the North Britons beyond the Tay) will say "yes" to almost any question. You must know their language, and must have observed their habits, long before you can understand their religions and traditions. On these subjects Mr. Codrington, of the Melanesian Mission, has written a fascinating and scholarly account. Mr. Romilly says very little about either the myths and creeds or the legal institutions and marriage customs of the islanders. But one important point he does mention, and what he says entirely coincides with what we know to be the case in New Caledonia. Contrary to the quite unhistorical view of many writers, private property in land is already a recognized thing, even in the Western Pacific, among races who are certainly on a low level of culture. In New Guinea, Mr. Romilly writes, "MacLay says that every yard of land, and every tree on it, is owned by some one, and that the natives would never dream of selling it"—to Europeans, we presume. In New Caledonia not only is land private property, but, as the native songs attest, it descends, in default of issue male, in the female line. The New Caledonians practise agriculture; but it is remarkable that even the natives of Australia, wandering and non-agricultural, assert separate personal rights to certain pieces of land and the wild fruit-trees growing thereon.

Mr. Romilly finds that absurd statements are frequently published about the manners of the New Britons. There is no

"bone-eating tree," as has been asserted, in the Louisiade Archipelago; the natives place the bones that remain from their feasts in the branches, hence this fable. The New Britons do not mend broken legs by introducing a strip of tortoiseshell into the bone, though "extraordinary surgical operations are practised in New Britain." But cannibalism, though denied, is quite common. Mr. Romilly, by great luck, was present when Nanati's tribe, in New Ireland, first repulsed and then dined on a large invading force. The whole chapter about this adventure is extremely interesting, and, indeed, it is impossible to say how much "better than a novel" is Mr. Romilly's whole book.

Mr. Romilly thinks that the bush tribes of the Solomon Islands (on which there are only three white men) "would well repay a visit." That depends a good deal on how one wishes to be repaid. If one would "take it" in being sacrificed "with every ingenious torture that a savage can invent," in being offered up by a "devil man" in a "magnificent carved sacrificial temple," and in being eaten with imposing ceremonies, then the visit would certainly be well repaid. If any traveller thinks of having a look at the bush tribes, let him above all, like Mr. Romilly, make friends with the local sorceress. Mr. Romilly greatly astounded the head medicine-man by palming three half-crowns and then producing them from various parts of the savage's person. The sorcerer could make rain and fine weather, like old Irish kings, he could give you a charm before which all native ladies succumbed at sight, he could kill your distant enemies, but he could not do the three half-crown trick. If Mr. Romilly had produced a few gold fish out of his hat, or a thousand yards of paper, or some such trifle, there is no pitch of sanctity to which he might not have soared. In dealing with New Britons it must not be forgotten that they can sling to a hairbreadth, and miss not at a distance of two hundred yards. They are not like natives of another group, as to whom an officer in the navy recently made inquiries. This gentleman left a kind of little anthropological catechism with a white trader on the island. "What are the native weapons?" he asked. "Some use the old muzzle-loaders, but most have breechloaders, mainly Enfields, with some Martini-Henrys," was the reply. The New Britons, apparently, do better with slings than with the trade muskets which occasionally come into their hands. The bush natives (in New Britain) are less civilized and less interesting than the coast natives. "The constant state of vendetta warfare in which they live prevents them from having any towns, temples, or any of the strange things which are to be met with among the bush tribes of other countries."

We greatly wish that Mr. Romilly, who is such a good observer and such an interesting writer, would use his great opportunities and inquire into the curious Pacific law by which, when a child is born and on other occasions, the bush tribes plunder and harry the coast tribes, and *vice versa*. The custom is described by the Pakeha Maori, and we have received a curious account of it from an eyewitness in a small group not far from New Caledonia. A study of this point of custom and law, and of the rules which may regulate native marriages and groups of kindred, with any remarks on myths and religion, would be most acceptable. Mr. Romilly is far too acute to trust his witnesses more than they deserve, and anything that he might collect would be set forth with all necessary reserves.

The money of the islands, or at least of New Britain, is remarkable. It is made of a rare shell, threaded on a vine-bough thirty feet long. The shells are probably found at a very great depth, and the natives either do not know or do not care to reveal their *provenance*. Each perfect thirty feet of money must contain about 4,320 of the shells called *de-warra*. A pig is worth seven fathoms, and seven fathoms is the blood-price of a man. One chief is believed "to count his wealth by miles."

About marriage we only learn that there are early betrothals, that a great bride-price is paid, or promised, and that the wedded lovers are expected to elope, when there is a sham pursuit. There are no actual chiefs; the sorcerers and old men keep, however, a good deal of power, by the rites of *Duk-Duk*. This partly answers to the African Mumbo Jumbo as described by Mungo Park. *Duk-Duk* is men disguised as Jacks-in-the-green, who come from the sea, and wield supernatural power. They exact presents of food, and initiate the youths, as at Sparta and elsewhere, by severe floggings and other uncomfortable performances, answering to the operation of "taking the cheek out of them" at school. In a recent book on New Guinea, of which the name escapes us, there was a coloured engraving of *Duk-Duk*.

We have spoken of cannibalism. Mr. Romilly writes as well and as carefully about poisoned arrows. He inclines to disbelieve that tetanus is caused by the poison on the arrow-heads; and it is certain that the venom, whatever it is, used by the West Pacific islanders is much less efficacious than the *corali* of Guiana. But proper experiments have hardly yet been made, as the poison on the arrows tested was old, whereas fresh poison is constantly used by the natives. Mr. Romilly's chapters on the labour trade as it was and on bench-combers are no less diverting and instructive than his ethnological notes. His book should be read, and by anthropologists should be bought and honourably placed in their libraries. The story about the skipper who, paying a visit of ceremony, left his trousers on board his ship, is excellent, and is but one example of the lighter contents of a delightful volume.

\* *The Western Pacific and New Guinea*. By Hugh Hastings Romilly. London: Murray. 1886.

## A SCHOOL FOR COLLECTORS.\*

ALTHOUGH the Catalogue which the late Mr. H. G. Bohn made of his collections was printed in 1884, it has only just been issued to his friends, as the executors were advised to defer the presentation till after the sale which took place at Messrs. Christie's last March. Mr. Bohn had died in the August before, and the present Catalogue was apparently made use of for the sale. Mr. Bohn's own descriptions of the objects were accepted by the auctioneers, if not by the public, and the grand total of a little over 19,000*l.* was obtained for 1,621 lots. This seems at first sight a great sum of money; but when we examine a little more closely it is evident, first, that if the Catalogue is correct, the pictures alone ought to have fetched a great deal more, and also that Mr. Bohn himself would have been wholly dissatisfied with the sale. Collecting is so much in vogue at the present day, and young people are so much encouraged to make a study of some bibliographical or artistic class of objects, that it is well worth while to examine a little more closely the handsome and well-printed volume before us, with a view to solving this problem. Why did Mr. Bohn's collections, chosen and gathered during fifty years, bring in so small a profit, if any, on his expenditure? Putting aside such considerations as "the marked depreciation in prices" noticed in an apologetic "Note" prefixed to the Catalogue, because it is not sufficient to account for the whole state of the case, we may ask how far the other points noticed in the apology are sound. The writer, presumably one of Mr. Bohn's executors, says of the sale that it presented "extraordinary anomalies, some articles fetching less than one-tenth of their original cost, whilst many fetched ten times as much, and in one instance thirty times as much, as the original cost." It is difficult to see the "anomaly" here. In all collections such accidents occur. But the safe collector is he who so selects the items of his collection that, when the day of reckoning comes, the number of lots which fetch ten times what was given for them shall greatly exceed the number of lots which fetch a tithe. In the Bohn sale this was not the case. The highest price obtained for a single picture was 257*l.* 5*s.*, given for a Mabeuse, which Mr. Bohn had bought at Christie's in 1877 for 55*l.* 13*s.* This was a fair, but not excessive or exceptional, profit for a judicious collector to make; and instead of having been a rarity in a long sale, such a profit should have been the rule. We are furnished with an interesting and candid table which shows on one side fifty lots sold at prices largely in advance of the original cost, and on the other a similar list of fifty which were sold largely below their cost.

A moment's glance at it betrays the secret. The pictures in the table of losses all, or almost all, bear fine names. We have Fra Angelico and Salvator Rosa, Vernet and Claude, Francia and Raphael, Dürer and Hemling; whereas on the winning side we see many "Unknowns," and among the pictures which went to "three figures," a Van Leyden (131*l.* 5*s.*, bought in 1869 for 55*l.* 13*s.*), a Hall (108*l.* 3*s.*, bought for 3*l.* 15*s.* in 1865), an Essex (106*l.* 1*s.*, bought in 1866 for 56*l.* 10*s.*), and a Bone (215*l.* 5*s.*, bought in 1866 for 80*l.* 5*s.*). The three last were miniatures. Besides these and the Mabeuse already mentioned, there was a Watteau which cost Mr. Bohn 35*l.* 10*s.* in 1869, and which sold for 136*l.* 10*s.*—a very moderate price for a genuine Watteau. It is thus described:—"The Island of Cythera, with Venus and the Goddesses bathing, with amatory accessories, in all thirteen figures." It had been in Emerson's collection, and had fetched a hundred guineas, and was engraved by Picot. It was, therefore, probably genuine, and only the subject can account for its moderate price. This we may perhaps set aside as an exceptional case, proving nothing. But, again, one other "three-figure" lot has to be mentioned. This was No. 113, and was described by Mr. Bohn as by Giorgione. Here, again, it is safe to say that a genuine Giorgione is almost invaluable. It is simply worth what you can afford to give for it. Mr. Bohn gave 73*l.* 10*s.* for this picture in 1872. It was said to have come from the Aldobrandini Palace, to have been delayed in transmission, and to have been described at one time as a Raphael. It represented, according to Mr. Bohn, "Solomon and Attendants, one of whom is playing on a lute, in a landscape with animals and birds." It was undoubtedly a fine though small picture of the Venetian school; but, in spite of Mr. Bohn's attribution, it only fetched the one hundred and ten guineas aforesaid. It is now in the National Gallery, and is generally supposed to represent the "Education of Alexander by Aristotle." Here, then, is a case, a typical one, of what auctioneers designate "over-cataloguing." Had Mr. Bohn said nothing about Raphael or Giorgione, it is more than probable that a picture so beautiful that Sir Frederick Burton coveted it for the National Gallery—and it was the only lot in the whole collection bought for that institution—would have fetched more.

There is abundant proof of this hypothesis on the opposite side of the table. There we have some very curious discrepancies between names and prices. Thus in 1875 Mr. Bohn bought a Claude for 25*l.* at the sale of the Wynn-Ellis collection. It is well known that the authorities of the National Gallery had taken their choice of some seventy pictures from Mr. Ellis's collection, and it is not likely that a Claude of any pretensions could have been overlooked. Their judgment was justified by the extremely moderate price at which Mr. Bohn was able to secure a picture

which Waagen, who undoubtedly sometimes nodded, called "charming"; and the ten guineas which it went for in Mr. Bohn's sale confirmed that judgment a second time. Passing by three more Watteaus, or so-called Watteaus, which had cost Mr. Bohn an average of more than a hundred guineas each, and which now sold for very little more than that sum altogether, we come to the greatest name in the Catalogue. Mr. Bohn thought himself the happy possessor of at least one picture by Raphael. It was the same in design as the "Dance of Cupids," engraved by Marc Antonio, and was purchased in the Novar sale, in 1878, for 120*l.* 15*s.* Mr. Bohn mentions in his Catalogue that Mr. Munro "had great faith in this picture"—in itself an expression of doubt. That this doubt was justified is shown by the price, 22*l.* 1*s.*, which is all it now fetched. A second "Raphael," which however, Mr. Bohn also attributed to Giulio Clorio, went for 11*l.*; and a third, as to which no doubt is expressed, a "Holy Family," on panel, for which Mr. Bohn gave 45*l.* 3*s.* in 1872, went for ten guineas. These prices speak for themselves. No depression in the picture market will account for them at a period when the highest price ever given for a picture was voted by Parliament for a genuine Raphael. But it is the same with artists of lesser note. A "Solario," not mentioned in the table of prices, went for 6*l.* 16*s.*, and an "Aldegraver" for 2*l.* 5*s.* Another "Aldegraver" was of superior quality, and probably was a genuine old German portrait. Mr. Bohn catalogued it as the likeness of John of Leyden, the leader of the Münster Anabaptists. He had given as much as 46*l.* 4*s.* for it in 1879, and it now fetched 24*l.* 3*s.* Still greater was the depression in the Dürers, of which Mr. Bohn had three at least in his Catalogue. As every one knows, a good and genuine Dürer is one of the wants of our National Gallery, and it is incredible that the authorities would have overlooked these had there been any merit in them. The three reached together a little over thirty guineas, yet one had cost Mr. Bohn 28*l.* 17*s.* Two other pictures from the Wynn-Ellis sale, similarly ascribed, fetched respectively 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* and six guineas. It is not worth while to go further into the list or into the revelations of the sale. We have adduced enough to show the weakness of this method of collecting and cataloguing. It is a common method. The experience of every one who has been in the habit of visiting the auction-rooms for a few years will afford numerous examples. The great Leigh Court collection was one of them, but on a colossal scale. There a splendid gallery of genuine pictures was injured by the introduction of names too great for the works to which they were attached. But, as a rule, these cases are of a different character. Men with a certain amount of taste and a certain amount of money are often induced to try their hand at forming a collection; some fancy pictures, some books, some prints, some ivory carvings, bronzes, or what not. Forgetting that, as a rule, a good thing will fetch very nearly, if not quite, its full value, they imagine that bargains are to be had much more often than is the case; and they commit the further mistake of persuading themselves that everything they have bought is much more beautiful and more genuine and more valuable than it ever was before. To use the common proverb, "Their geese are all swans." Unfortunately few of them submit their swans to the test of a public sale; and their heirs have to lament, when at last the collection of which they have heard so much during the testator's life, chiefly from his own lips, and from which even the least sanguine must have expectations, is sold, it goes for about as much as was given for it—sometimes for much less—so that the money had better have been invested in Consols.

## TWO BOOKS ON INDIA.\*

FOR some years subsequent to the Sepoy Mutiny it was commonly said in India that no Anglo-Indian, except one who had passed through that crisis, was at all competent to form any judgment on the magnitude of the revolutions which it had worked in ideas and manners. An English administrator or member of Parliament who had never set foot in India at all was a better judge of the policy to be pursued than a retired civilian or staff officer who had given up active service between the years 1845 and 1855, and who remembered the campaigns of Gwalior and the Punjab, the battle of Maharajpore and the triumph of Guzerat. It is undeniable that the administrations of the last three Viceroy have been similarly marked by changes which, though less electrical and startling, will have a powerful influence in shaping and modifying the policy of Lord Dufferin and his successors. Railways and the telegraph have softened the rigidity of caste. Ten people now travel for one, and travel ten times as fast as the one who went beyond the limits of his own province in 1840. Differences of climate, origin, creed, and social habits still prevail, but the feeling of isolation amongst natives is much less. Education in the higher classes has intensified the desire for employment. Native societies have been established for the promotion of social reforms. There are more newspapers, more pamphlets, more degrees conferred by the Universities, more talk, and to a limited degree more action; not so much as is commonly imagined, and not always genuine or on the right lines. These signs, perceptible

\* *New India; or, India in Transition.* By H. J. S. Cotton, Bengal Civil Service. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

\* *The Bohn Collection: Catalogue of the Pictures, Miniatures, and Art Books, collected during the last Fifty Years by Henry George Bohn.* London: Privately Printed.

*Reform and Progress in India: a Few Thoughts on Administrative and other Questions connected with the Country and People.* By an "Optimist." London: Allen & Co.



to persons at a distance, naturally appeal with greater force to active workers on the spot, and we have before us two small volumes, the authors of which are animated by a wish to regulate a movement which they think cannot be arrested. One of them certainly seems to welcome it as irresistible and glorious.

Mr. H. J. S. Cotton took some part in the discussion about the Bengal Tenancy Bill, and he now fills the important post of Secretary to the Board of Revenue in the Lower Provinces. He writes good English and is evidently well read. It is clear to us that he may be termed a thoughtful and superior personage, for it would not be easy for a common man to produce a pamphlet so characterized by a mixture of good feeling and absurdity, perception and obtuseness, appreciation of new administrative problems and inability to suggest the mode in which they might be solved. To do him justice, Mr. Cotton no sooner commits himself to a startling opinion in one page than he modifies or withdraws it in the next. He talks of the aspirations and spontaneous tendencies of the Indian people and the Indian nation, when he knows perfectly well that this convenient political phrase means in reality a congeries of ethnological atoms and incoherent scraps. He admits that what he views as a grand popular movement originates with leaders who are comparatively young, and whose followers are to a large extent still students of our colleges. He glories in the fact that his father and grandfather were members of the Civil Service, and then tells us calmly that that Civil Service is "doomed." He blames the Anglo-Indian community, official and non-official, for antagonism of race and for bitterness of feeling, and yet he forgets who it was that against all warning recklessly persisted in the Ilbert Bill. He upholds the unwarranted assertion that all the measures of the late Viceroy were the logical development of the principles of his predecessors, and he forgets that they were condemned by a majority of experts; that one ended in a ludicrous compromise, and another has been ruthlessly criticized and cut short.

It was common in former days for a book by a civil servant, fresh from an inspiring contest about Tenants and Talookdars, to be so stuffed with native phraseology as to be unintelligible without a commentary. Mr. Cotton anticipates this criticism and avoids detail. It is not for him to quote the dicta of Collectors or an exhaustive judgment on the Rent Act delivered by a Full Bench of the Calcutta High Court. His authorities are omniscient and infallible guides, remarkable for their judicial fairness of statement and their intimate familiarity with Anglo-Indian administration and native thought—Sir James Caird and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Dr. Congreve and the late Mr. Geddes, Mr. H. Hyndman, Colonel R. D. Osborn, and Mr. Seymour Keay. There is, however, a saving sentence, in which he very prudently does not agree with "all their conclusions." "It will be the proudest honour of future rulers," he observes, "if their names are handed down to posterity with that of Ripon"; but this laudation is soon qualified by the humiliating confession that the "actual results of the Ripon administration are not very great." Indian controversies have been generally conducted by men of two opposite schools. On one side there has been the District Officer or the Commissioner, penetrated with native wants and feelings, living for three or four months in camp, receiving landholders courteously, talking on all subjects to artisans, Ryots, and shopkeepers, and seeing with the utmost keenness an evil which must be eradicated and a benefit which can no longer be withheld. On the other hand, there is the member of a Board or the Secretary to Government, who is compelled to look beyond the mere wants of a district, and to consider what can be done for the province or for half a dozen conflicting interests. One man is full of burning zeal and intense sympathy with local wants. The other has wider views and a more judicious estimate of the kind of law which can be got through by the Legislative Council, and the sort of executive measure which will pass muster if referred to the Cabinet at Simla and the Council at Westminster. But no wise Lieutenant-Governor or Chief Commissioner has ever yet laid it down that experience "confined to outlying tracts and provincial towns is of little value." On the contrary, he has estimated it as establishing a touch with the community. Mr. Cotton apparently can dispense with all such exposition of the feelings of the masses. The real leaders of native thought live in the metropolis, and we need not go to jungly and backward districts to know what is thought of Ryots' holdings, vernacular schools, stamps on judicial proceedings, the road cess, and the ferry funds. Mr. Cotton himself is apparently equal to any emergency. He tells his countrymen to prepare themselves "for the exercise of higher functions than mere administration," as if more than half the benefits conferred on the natives hitherto had not been the work of judicious, equitable, and vigorous administrators. In this view he touches on such vast subjects as the treatment of native States, the decentralization of the native army, whatever this may mean, the assessment of the revenue, the public debt, and the general attitude of the English and the native community. It is superfluous, he appears to argue, to pay any attention to Political Residents at native States, officers in command of native corps, financiers and governors, and similar small fry. What you have to do is to refer the matter to native gentlemen in Calcutta and the students of our colleges, and all will go right. The services of the native Baboo with whom the electors of Deptford have lately dispensed will fortunately be available for this easy task. Mr. Cotton, like a celebrated Liberal statesman, is very angry with the ladies. They become very soon demoralized in India and talk of those "horrid natives." Nor has he a very good word to say for the retired civilians, such as he will one day be himself. Their

experience may be matured, but it is "wasted on an idle and objectless existence." These men are too broken to take to home pursuits, their constitution has lost vigour, and so on. Now, not to speak of openings in Parliament or in the Indian Council at Westminster, ample occupation has been found by many members of the civil and military services in England in banks, railways, boards, committees, magisterial duties, and similar lines. Mr. Cotton, if he will take the trouble, will soon procure a long list of Anglo-Indians not unprofitably employed, and he will also find that hardly any one of them mispent his time on sick-leave or furlough by writing and publishing a silly book.

The other volume before us is the production of a public servant, who withholds a name which he might very well have given. Mr. Cotton should have imitated an "Optimist," and published his own work as that of an advanced and thoughtful Radical. An "Optimist" has, we think, served in Upper India. It is quite clear that he sees nothing to be proud of in the manufacture of the Bengali Baboo. Mr. Cotton, we may add, thinks that there are only two ways of governing a country—nothing between absolute suppression and absolute equality. Is this really the outcome of Mr. Cotton's fifteen years' service? The youngest of his subordinates and the commonest acquaintance with the facts of Indian administration might have taught him better. At any rate, the "Optimist" does not hold this belief. He objects strongly to Lord Ripon's system of Elective Boards and their emancipation from wholesome official control. One of his sentences has a really sound ring. Lord Ripon and a few of his followers hold the opinion that the British administrator "had done his work, and that it was time to supersede him by some cheaper, more elastic, and more sympathetic instrument of government. The real truth is that the administrator is only beginning it." Both the "Optimist" and Mr. Cotton, to do the latter justice, lament the enormous quantity of work now entailed on the district officer in the shape of reports, tabular statements, statistics, and replies to departments. For this destructive activity the Government is itself to blame. The "Optimist" further laments the gradual extinction of the old type of district officer. We have lost, it is quite true, the "hard bargain" of the Covenanted Service, who drew his salary and *did* nothing except the Government. But we have also failed to replace the patriarchal ruler of the district, who lived so much amongst the people in *Kacheries* and in camp that he sometimes forgot his own language, and interlarded his conversation and his letters, not with Comte and Mill, but with copious scraps of Urdu. In place of the Haileybury civilian we have a "wonderful intellectual machine," crammed full of heterogeneous erudition, "from one of those hot-houses of mental development which the rigour of the test and the inefficiency of our existing seminaries of learning have called into existence." The "Optimist" is here somewhat hard on our best public schools; but he is quite right in his inference that some of the best successes in Indian administration have been achieved by the personal character and not by the erudition or intellectual attainments of the civil servant. We are, however, glad to learn that all this unhealthy forcing has not yet abolished the sporting civilian, and that he is still equal to splashing for three hours in the mud of a snipe-marsh or to rousing a tiger with a line of elephants in the hot winds of April and May. The "Optimist's" remedies are not, however, always practical or well considered. He would have Itinerant Councils, whereas the essence of such a body is surely that it should meet at the best season of the year in Calcutta or some large city. The feeders of such a body ought to be the executive officers who move about and mix with the people. Councillors should not do the work of a District Officer or of a Commissioner of division, but should sedately sift facts and weigh opinions delivered by others. Then we have an amazing suggestion that the great Steamship Companies should grant free passages to England to natives who are about to compete for the Civil Service, or who may be nominated thereto by the Government. The suggested colonization of the Hills by Englishmen will be carried out, as far as possible, by tea-planters; and a Eurasian corps of volunteers is scarcely a mode by which discordant elements can be amalgamated and the gulf bridged between Europeans and Asiatics. In his remarks on the Land Revenue, the "Optimist" has forgotten his Horace. "*Brevis esse laboro: obscurus fio.*" No one would really grasp the principles of a Settlement in the North-West Provinces from his description at page 79 of the "four claimants between whom the settlement officer has to apportion the produce." He enumerates—1. The rack-rented tenant or tiller of the soil. 2. The superior tenant or farmer. 3. The proprietor. 4. The State. It is quite possible that "Optimist" may know how to make or revise a revenue Settlement, but he quite fails to make others see it. It is difficult to express clearly and concisely the leading points of an operation on which volumes have been written. But we think the following is less likely to mislead. The Land Revenue belongs to the State, and is by it made over to some one to collect on its behalf. Sometimes this individual is a Jaghirdar who holds at a peppercorn rent, or a *Mafidar* who is exempted altogether. The proprietor, not absolute as in England, may be sometimes a great Raja, sometimes an auction purchaser, sometimes a large family or clan, and sometimes a mixed multitude, each of whom is actual owner of his own few acres, oftener with than without the cow. The tenants beneath the proprietor are of two kinds—one has a right of occupancy and the other is a tenant at will. The use of the word farmer by "Optimist" is only calculated to mislead. In India it is properly reserved for a

man who is brought in whenever the proprietor with whom the settlement has been made, defaults. The farmer takes the proprietor's place for a term of years, but he can neither enhance the rent of the tenants, nor can he oust the defaulting proprietor from any land which the latter may hold as tenant. All that the farmer can do is to collect the arrears of the revenue, from which he usually derives a fair profit for himself. It would be far better for "Optimist" to lay down the principle that there are really three interests in the land—that of the Government; that of the proprietor, a single man, or a clan, or a cultivating community; and that of the tenants below them. Both these reformers—or certainly Mr. Cotton—start from premisses which to many experienced officials will seem radically unsound. Lord Ripon's policy, to quote that statesman's own words, was the extension of local self-government, not in the hope that the work "would be better done than by the district officers," but "as an instrument of popular political education." His predecessor, with keener insight, said that the time had not yet come for us to apologize for our presence in India, or to speak of duties and responsibilities with humble and bated breath. Whatever be the force and significance of any native movement, present or future, it is positively certain that no solid or lasting reform has hitherto been brought about in India without the guiding and controlling hand of members of the services. It may even be said that the removal of civil and religious disabilities, the abolition of cruel rites, the discontinuance of barbarous and degrading customs, have originated mainly with Englishmen, would never have been thought of by the natives if left to themselves, and were opposed and impeded by influential sections of their community. Suttee, the drowning of children at Saugor Island, female infanticide amongst the Rajputs and other tribes, the burial alive of lepers and witches, and the prohibition against the remarriage of child-widows, might have flourished unchecked to this hour were it not for the English magistrate. Our first duty to India and its inhabitants is to keep a firm grip of the country and to have a sympathetic knowledge of its people. There has always been a large class of officials ready enough to foster native merit, to preserve and extend indigenous institutions, to multiply facilities for native employment, and to associate Hindus and Mohammedans with us in the task of government as far as their capacities and trustworthiness warranted. It is neither our interest nor our duty to encourage the advent of natives to power "at the cost of some temporary inefficiency of administration." The first to complain of a lowered tone and a less successful management would be the masses of the population. Mr. Cotton and those who think with him will not accomplish the regeneration of India by effacing themselves, nor will they add one cubit to the stature of young and pushing Hindus by persisting in their attempt to make them stand on their heads.

## NOVELS AND TALES.\*

THERE is twenty times more entertainment in Miss Brewer's *Love is Vanity* than its title, a somewhat affected one, appears to presage, and twenty times more than is contained in a score of ordinary novels. The book is no futile essay in psychology, is no attempt at telling—with such art as a persistent use of the present tense affords—the spiritual experiences of two uninteresting young persons of the latter part of the Victorian age. It is neither more nor less than a *roman d'aventures*; and the trials it sets forth, in themselves of an interesting and novel quality, are greatly enhanced by the style—plain, sincere, a trifle old-fashioned—in which they are narrated, and by the contrast presented in the person of the heroine, who is as plain, as sincere, as old-fashioned as the style. Her name is Martha Farrow; and the trouble of her life is one that dates from the beginning of the century, when Napoleon ruled, and England was still the England of Pitt. Once, at the outset, we catch her tripping; when she tells us how passionately she was addicted to the music of Handel and Mendelssohn; but for the rest of the time she is quite equal to the necessities of environment, and contrives, in a way that reminds us not a little of Defoe, to maintain a proper atmosphere and create a set of circumstances at once effective and appropriate. She has the hardest of hard times, of course; and her lines are cast among the most extraordinary people. Not only are her adventures excellently conceived, and—in her plain, straightforward way—as excellently told; but also her story is of considerable interest as a collection of studies of character. She herself is her best work; she is so simple, so natural, so entirely clean of artifice and affectation, that one cannot choose but believe in her as a genuine human reality. Her husband—restless, adventurous, all show and sentiment and emptiness, and withal selfish to the marrow—is almost as well produced as herself; and the figure of her sporting cousin, Nat Loft, if the method employed in its presentation is certainly artificial, conveys the impression of a great deal of vitality and of what is, for a lady, a surprisingly accurate acquaintance with the lingo of the stable, and the habits of thought and conduct and ambition

of a certain type of sportsman. To tell the story of her life would be unfair; we may add that it would be also impossible, inasmuch as Miss Brewer wastes as little time upon psychology as Dumas himself, and is almost as largely concerned with action and incident. It will be enough to say that it is uncommonly full and varied, and that those who care for the excellent form of novel it represents will (or we are much deceived) find it considerably to their mind.

The intention of *Irish Pride* is good enough; the result achieved is unentertaining, even tedious, in the highest degree. As everybody knows, there are many sorts of pride; and of these the Irish variety is perhaps the silliest and worst. This, at all events, is Miss Noble's position; and she has doubtless been inspired to take it up in the design—which, of course, is thoroughly respectable—of persuading her countrymen to reform. For so much praise is due to her; for so much and no more. Her types are uninteresting and vapid; their experiences are vapid and uninteresting; and these qualities (such as they are) are brought into depressing relief by the unwavering feebleness of method employed in this presentment. The Irish have hitherto passed for a people not destitute of wit, sprightliness, fantasy, the capacity of amusing and being amused. It has been reserved for Miss Noble to dispel this illusion, and paint them as a race of frivolous dullards. Anything so tedious in real life as the Macnamaras are represented to be in this essay in fiction it were difficult, if not impossible, to conceive. If the picture is misleading, then to the innumerable enemies of Green Erin another, and more desperate than all, has been added in the person of our author. If it is true, then is Green Erin to be pitied indeed. Even *Moonlighting* is pardonable considered as an escape from such boredom as Miss Noble represents; even landlord-shooting and the mutilation of cattle are agreeable human pastimes as compared with daily intercourse with such wearying creatures as the young men and the maidens portrayed in *Irish Pride*.

The next four books on our list may be dismissed more summarily. There is little or nothing in *Tales for Sportsmen* that has not often been told in other tales of other sportsmen. The heroes are all hard-riding and honest; the heroines are mostly honest and hard-riding; and of the desperate runs in which they are privileged to share, and the simple love passages they indulge in, at and between the aforesaid desperate runs, has "Dragon" compacted his not particularly amusing volume. You can read him in an hour, and forget him in five minutes—slang, love-making, topography, descriptions, and all. Miss Bowers is responsible for a number of illustrations, in one or other of the innumerable "processes" that are fast thrusting the art of Bewick and Linton out of court. She has done better; but she is sprightly as always, and, as always, clever and apt. In *Border Lances* we have a book of another type. It is a gift-book for boys, as *Tales for Sportsmen* is (if it is anything at all) a gift-book for hunting men and women. But whereas "Dragon" expresses himself with a sort of gallant fluency in the slang of the stables, the author of *Belt and Spur* is at the greatest pains to write a dialect which shall bear a certain resemblance to English as she was spoke in the days of King Edward III.; and whereas the inventions of "Dragon" are illustrated by one of the most modern of designers, the achievement of the author of *Belt and Spur* is illustrated—and very amusingly and well—by coloured transcripts from old illuminations and reproductions in black and white from "drawings in *Bestiaries* and other MSS. of the fourteenth century." The story, which is not extravagantly exciting, is that of a certain scion of the De Bethomes, who, at twelve, was page to the Dame de Coucy, and who afterwards followed the Squire de Copeland, and fought at Durham against David Bruce; and saw his master made a knight and marry the aforesaid Dame de Coucy (widowed in the meanwhile of Sir William her lord); and had a love affair of his own; and learned to discourse to the modern schoolboy as to the manner born. There is infinitely better sport in *Ivanhoe* and other works from the same hand; but *Border Lances* may be read without much trouble, and the illustrations are really good. Of *The Lion Battalion*, as of *The Wreck*, there is little or nothing to say. The first is a sheaf of stories, the best of which—it is quite pretty and fresh and pleasant—is that which gives its name to the volume; while the second is a goody-goody record of shipwreck and devotion and salvation, and the conversion of a number of vague and feeble parties, some to matrimony and some to total abstinence. The first is very much the better.

## SCOTT'S HERCULANEAN ROLLS.\*

THE realities of history outdare all fiction. No sober inventor, putting together from his imagination a plausible series of incidents in book-life, would venture on the matter-of-fact narrative, which Professor Scott has to relate, by way of preface to this statement of labour and results, patient labour and prosaic results, in an outlying corner of scholarship. The story of the book is in this case of such unusual and disproportionate interest, that we may well spend a little time in repeating it.

The fact that the documents here reproduced lay buried for seventeen centuries under the ashes of a volcano, and after their recovery were for some time supposed to be lumps of charcoal,

\* *Fragmenta Herculanensia*. A descriptive Catalogue of the Oxford Copies of the Herculanæan Rolls, with Texts, &c. Edited by Walter Scott. M.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Clarendon Press.

\* *Love is Vanity*. By Emma Brewer. London: George Bell.  
*Irish Pride*. By E. Noble. London: Berington.  
*Tales for Sportsmen*. By "Dragon." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.  
*Border Lances*. By the Author of "Belt and Spur." London: Seeley.  
*The Lion Battalion*. By M. E. Hullah. London: Hatchard.  
*The Wreck*. By "Ethel." London: Griffith & Farran.



though unusual in the annals of a library; is but one marvel out of many, and not the most curious, relating to this library from Herculaneum. Equally curious, though still not the wonder of wonders, are the events which brought together Herculaneum and Oxford, and commended these Neapolitan treasures to the editorship of a Fellow of Merton. In the year 1800, about half a century after the discovery of the papyri and the invention of the process by which they were unrolled, when the leisurely Italian officers had unrolled eighteen of them and published the legible remains of one, the scene was changed by an intervention which, we think, will considerably surprise the majority of readers brought up on *The Four Georges*. "The Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) undertook, with the consent of the Neapolitan Government, to have the unrolling and copying of the papyri carried on at his own expense, under the superintendence of an agent appointed by himself." It was a time when the valuables of Italy had a too frequent experience of involuntary journeys to Paris; and Hayter, the Prince's agent, had to begin by getting back his "charcoal" MSS. from a temporary refuge at Palermo. His operations were limited by high political causes; for in 1806 he and the Bourbon Court and the long-suffering papyri were at Palermo again, and the Naples office stood still. In these four years, however, he had apparently done fivefold the work accomplished without his stimulus since 1752, and had formed the collection of facsimiles which, presented by the Prince to the University of Oxford in 1810, are the first basis of the present book. Their fortunes at Oxford we must not follow in detail; but from the editor's narrative there seems to have been a considerable chance that for many of them the Bodleian might prove an unexcavated Herculaneum. At Naples, where the originals remained, things went on *more Neapolitano* till 1861, when the powers cosmical and political again gave a lift to the enterprise by founding the kingdom of Italy. Some of the new energy went to the papyri, and of the "Naples copies," the editor's second basis, by far the larger part have been published since that year. It is but fair to add that they were made and engraved for the most part under the ancient régime, and that these operations "deserve perhaps more recognition than they have hitherto received."

Eight of the rolls yet unopened are in England—three at Oxford, one at Windsor, and four in the British Museum—the remains of a gift of eighteen. The rest have come to a bad end in various ways, most of them in 1817, when the papyri, having suffered much from kings and emperors, found yet less comfort in a Parliamentary Committee. No narrative of a Museum would be complete without an episode of the forger and the dupes, supplied in this case by "a German of the name of Sickler," who, with a fragment pretended to be the result of his "process," persuaded Sir Humphry Davy and others to let him destroy seven of these unfortunates, "with no other result than an expenditure of nearly 1,200l." Professor Scott gives reasons for thinking that the most promising enterprise now would be to reconvey our remnant for unrolling at Naples.

Altogether here are incidents enough so far; but the sequel, duly considered, is more surprising still. Taking all into account—on the one hand, that the books in this "find" must necessarily date from the very classical age of the classics, the central point of history and literature; and, on the other hand, that they belonged to an unknown house in a town neither large, famous, nor in any way important—it would have seemed safe to make two anticipations concerning them: that the contents, so far as legible, would be of great and general interest, and that the ownership would probably not be discovered or would certainly prove not worth curiosity. Yet whoever had wagered on these assumptions would have lost both ways. That the Herculanean Rolls have not their value it would be peevish and quite untrue to assert, but this at least is within the mark; if they were clean copies in print, not five hundred people in Europe would read them. But we know, on exceptionally good evidence, who collected them, and may guess plausibly at the owner of the house; they were personages, not indeed prominent in history, but perfectly familiar, and associated with the very greatest names of Rome. Cicero called the collector at one time an excellent man, and at another time a "thing of naught"; and the owner, it is permissible to think, gave his daughter in marriage to Julius Cæsar.

The conclusions, which would assign the house to the father of Shakespeare's Calpurnia, are disputable. That the Greek books were selected by the philosopher Philodemus, the *Græcus facilis* of Cicero's *In Pisonem*, seems as clear as it is, from the public point of view, unlucky; for, to quote the clinching argument, "while it is unlikely enough that any other man would have formed a library some three-fourths of which consisted of the works of that not very distinguished author, it is almost inconceivable that any one but the writer himself should have cared to accumulate several different copies of some of his works." Philodemus was a warm Epicurean (in more senses than one, if we are to believe Cicero and Horace); and, though he had a taste for what is called pure literature, his collection at Herculaneum apparently consisted almost wholly of "philosophy"—disquisitions in a decayed language upon decadent systems of thought. The disadvantage to us is not so much in the matter—there is a point of view from which one book of Epicurus's treatise *On Nature* would be worth as much or more than an entire Callimachus or Ennius—but in the enormous depreciation which documents of this sort sustain if reduced

to discontinuous fragments. A line or half a line of poetry, if the poet be good enough, may be a gem of great price; but to arguments the proverb *πλέον ἤμισον παντός* is not applicable. It is melancholy to read note after note beginning with "Perhaps the sense is," "The argument appears to be," "The few legible words suggest," and the like.

But the strange story of these documents has already detained us long enough from the work upon them now offered by Professor Scott. The volume is a handsome large octavo, printed and executed generally in a manner worthy of the place of issue. It consists of four parts, the first a catalogue of the "Oxford copies," in two parts, or rather arrangements—first, complete as they are bound in the Bodleian Collection; and, secondly, grouped as far as possible according to their original connexion with the same book or subject matter. Of the labour spent on these 75 pages the name "catalogue" gives a very inadequate idea. To each head is added a note, sometimes highly elaborate, on the state of the original, if preserved, the subject-matter, when this is ascertained, the extent of the "Oxford" and "Naples" copies, and any previous publications, whether of the document itself or relating to it. The second and third parts, the bulk of the book, contain fragmentary texts, with notes and facsimiles. Two of these, the treatise of Philodemus *On the mode of life of the gods*, and the first book of Philodemus *περί θεῶν*, have been already published by the Naples office. For the present texts the originals and both "copies" have been collated, and the Oxford "copies" reproduced in facsimile. The other three documents, now published for the first time from a like collation, are conjecturally entitled *περί αἰσθησεως*, *περί φαινομένων*, and *περί μυσθῶν*. It will be seen from this conjecture that, though among the best-preserved in the Oxford collection, they are extremely dilapidated, the last two seldom intelligible. From the *περί αἰσθησεως* it is still possible, as the editor shows by his notes, for a skilled specialist to extract valuable matter. The notes on the two treatises previously published bring to light the fact that even such an authority on these philosophies as Zeller has several times adopted fallacious evidence from uncritical editions and "restorations" of the texts. Lastly, in an important appendix, are reproduced in facsimile the "Oxford copies" of (1) *Φιλόδημος περί θανάτου δ'*, (2) of the poem on the battle of Actium, partly recovered from a small collection of Latin rolls added to the original Greek of Philodemus. Of the first the editor writes:—"The text throughout may be considerably improved by the use of the Oxford copy, which is, as usual, more complete than the Naples."

This brief account will sufficiently show that to enter here into detailed discussion of the editor's results would be out of place, even if in such matters a ready opinion could be of any value. By his previous publications Professor Scott (who, while this work was in the press, was appointed to succeed Dr. Badham in his Australian chair) has proved himself specially competent to deal with such questions of Epicurean philosophy as are raised by the Herculanean rolls. We have only to add that, so far as we can judge, the severe labour demanded by this volume has been faithfully rendered, and to offer him our thanks, which cannot be too warmly expressed, for having discharged English scholarship from a long outstanding account. Even so far as the results may be negative—to close vain expectations or to demolish hasty beliefs—they are indispensable to progress. They are not, however, merely negative, as the students of these subjects will discover. The editor has made a sound contribution to the study of thought, and adds a durable link to one of the most curious chains in literary history, which, beginning in the Rome of Cæsar and Cicero, and joining in its course Vesuvius and Oxford, Sir Humphry Davy and Victor Emmanuel, now ends for the present in a University at the Antipodes.

#### LES GRANDS PEINTRES.\*

THE new instalment of the *Grands peintres* is of more than usual interest, as it opens with an admirably illustrated account of that most perfect of painters, M. Meissonier. We say perfect advisedly; for, however much we may complain of the limitations of M. Meissonier's art, he certainly goes nearer to a complete realization of his ideal than any other painter of modern times. And this ideal is not in any way an unworthy one, though there are many higher things to be aimed at in art. Meissonier has set himself to revive the life of the last few centuries with the most absolute and minute accuracy. If, for instance, he sets to work to paint some soldiers of the time of Louis XIII. playing at cards, we may be quite sure that, in the first place, the costumes and accessories will be, as far as historical research can tell, of the precise kind that are most characteristic of the time. But this is but the smallest part of the essential truthfulness of the picture. The figures are not only clothed in correct costumes, but they wear them as if to the manner born. There is never in Meissonier's pictures the slightest suspicion of the model masquerading in borrowed clothes. But, more than this, the soldiers are not only real soldiers of the time of Louis XIII., but they are really playing at cards. Their actions and expressions are vivid and perfectly natural. It is the real scene that we have before us. There is no trace of sham about it anywhere. Add to this that the technique is the best of its kind that has ever been known—never not even by the

\* *Grands peintres français et étrangers.* Paris: Goupil & Cie.

Dutchmen have the minutest details of dress and accoutrement been rendered with more masterly execution—and the painting of the heads is, if possible, still better. And with all this wonderful minuteness the general effect is broad and simple. Nor does his skill desert him when he attempts subjects of more serious interest. The rise and fall of the great Napoleon have been treated by him in a series of pictures which, in spite of their small size, have all the dignity of the highest historical painting. There is an admirable reproduction in this number of the celebrated "1814," in which Napoleon and his army are represented in full retreat. Napoleon on his white Arab rides in front, a grim solitary figure, whilst behind him come his marshals in a confused mob—to the right a detachment of soldiers are tramping wearily over the snow, which is seamed and furrowed by the passage of an army. The story is told simply but sufficiently—defeat is in every line of the picture; but the means by which it is expressed are of the most subtle kind, and, in spite of the wonderful painting of every detail, the interest centres where it ought to centre, in the face of the ruined Emperor. But we must not neglect the limitations of M. Meissonier's art. In the first place, he has no sense of beauty, and that this is a serious loss to an artist can hardly be denied. He does not, as so many Frenchmen do, delight in ugliness; but beauty, whether of form or face, seems to have no attraction for him. So far, indeed, does he carry this asceticism that in the whole of his work there is hardly an instance of a female figure. M. Meissonier's world is a very vivid and interesting world, but it is a world without women. Nor, indeed, does he seem to delight in the richness and beauty of the stuffs that he paints so marvellously. Sometimes the colouring of his pictures is pleasing, but as often as not it is harsh and inharmonious. Again, the small size of his works is often an offence. In many cases they can only be properly seen through a magnifying glass. This excessive diminutiveness is surely an affectation. He could express himself much better on a larger scale, and would not then give the impression of always aiming at a *tour de force*.

As we have said, the illustrations are admirable, but the letter-press is weak. It gives hardly a hint as to M. Meissonier's mode of work, and contains no account whatever of the extraordinary pains that he takes in securing absolute truthfulness in his representations of imaginary scenes. It is said that he had a small railway constructed on his estate on purpose to keep pace with and study at his leisure the motion of a galloping horse; but there is no mention of this, nor indeed of any such details. The article is chiefly concerned with a dry catalogue of his more prominent works and a certain amount of appreciative but obvious criticism.

The remainder of the instalment is devoted to MM. Boulanger and Puvis de Chavannes. M. Boulanger is a learned and accomplished artist who is chiefly celebrated for his elaborate reconstructions of old Roman life. His work is instructive as a foil to M. Meissonier's; for, with all its accuracy and fine qualities of draughtsmanship, it entirely lacks the vitality of the other's painting. And the reason is not far to seek; his men and women are picturesque, but not natural. We never feel that they could have really existed. Puvis de Chavannes is a very curious apparition in the midst of the realism and the sensationalism of modern French art. He is in a sense the Burne Jones of Paris, but with an added childlike quality which appeals more to the intensely sophisticated artistic world of Paris than seems quite rational to our more simple senses. The secret of his success, no doubt, lies in his work being so very unlike that of the other Parisian artists. Amongst so many clever and accomplished painters, it must be quite delightful to come across one who cannot draw and who hardly tries to paint, who has no notion of composition in the ordinary sense, and whose colouring is unlike anything either in the artistic or in the real world. Having said all this, it may seem unkind to have compared him to Mr. Burne Jones; but undoubtedly M. Puvis de Chavannes has a charm of a kind which makes it possible to admire his paintings in spite of the serious shortcomings that we have mentioned. At any rate, he is an intensely earnest and highly original painter, and his curious, pale, and washed-out colouring is very pleasing and harmonious, even if it be not strictly natural.

Unfortunately the examples given here only show the worst side of this eccentric painter. The childishness of the drawing comes out in full force, unredeemed by the charm of colour, and the fresh *naïveté* of his large compositions can hardly be understood from the scraps which make up the chief part of the illustrations.

### THREE BOOKS ON MUSIC.\*

WE feel certain that no one will be disposed to complain of Mr. Rowbotham's *History of Music* on the score of incompleteness. The author is evidently determined to give his readers all that human research affords in connexion with the subject on which he writes, and, consequently, not content with the usual starting-point of the musical historian—the music of the ancients—he boldly turns back to ages long past, and treats of "Prehistoric Music." We may say at once that we have been rewarded for our

courage in venturing to enter into such a profound inquiry as the genesis of music among the Cave-men; for Mr. Rowbotham is a pleasant companion, possessed of a lively, if somewhat peculiar, style well suited to the matter under investigation, and is not to any great extent burdened with preconceived theories. He has his opinions, it is true, and the courage to support them, even against such an authority as the late Mr. Darwin; but, then, this only as to whether vocal music originated from the imitation of the love-call among birds or arose immediately from impassioned speech—a question, as it appears, which has much to be said both for and against it, but which is, perhaps, hardly worth fighting about in this utilitarian age. As there are well-defined ages in the history of prehistoric man, such as the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron ages, so there are three stages in the evolution of his music. By a law of nature it would seem the drum is the earliest musical instrument, and from first being a mere instrument of sensuous delight we are shown how it became a terror to the prehistoric man, no less than to his historic successor, developed into a fetish, and was duly worshipped as a god. The great seat of drum-worship was South America, and of the interior of Brazil, only a hundred years ago, it was asserted that "the drum was the only object of worship from the Orinoco to the La Plata." Later on in his book the author describes the festival of Tezcatlipocas, the Mexican god of music, which culminated in the sacrifice of the most beautiful youth in Mexico, and the rolling of the great drum, the sound of which, according to Bernal Diaz, who saw the monstrous instrument, was so loud that it could be heard eight miles away. To such proportions had the cult of the drum expanded. The second stage of musical development is the pipe stage. This little instrument Mr. Rowbotham is convinced was primarily used for amorous purposes. For evidence of this theory he refers to the customs of existing races, ranging from the Indians of the Upper Mississippi with their winnebago or courting flute, with which "a young man will serenade his mistress for days together," to the Formosans, Marquesans, and Otaheitanes, who all use the pipe for love-making. The pipe-stage, however, developed its horrors as well as the drum stage; for the horn is martial first cousin to the pipe, and to what extent the abuse of this instrument was carried in Thibet is told us by M. Huc, who says that "at stated times 4,000 Lamas assemble on the roofs of the various monasteries and blow trumpets and conch shells all night long to frighten away evil spirits." Truly Thibet must have been a nice place to live in at those "stated times." After considering these two stages our author investigates the origin of song, which he traces to impassioned speech, and in a singularly interesting chapter on the Voice sketches the developments of the chant and scale, the influence of dancing upon singing, and many other matters in support of his assertion that music is a dualism formed of the conjunction of two elements, the one sensuous and the other intellectual. At last we reach the Lyre stage, or period when stringed instruments came into use. The lyre, we are informed, "was the dower which the great Aryan race brought to Europe, and whether they came as Celts, Slavs, or Teutons, they came bringing their lyres with them to a people that knew not the lyre." All stringed instruments, from the primitive Chinese fiddle to the modern grand piano, are included in this stage, and we infer that the organ also is included. This being so, the prehistoric portion of the work is brought to a close, and Mr. Rowbotham proceeds to deal with the music of the elder civilizations, such as the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Hebrews, including a very interesting account of Chinese music, to which is added a full score of the oddest piece of music in the book, called the "Hymn to the Ancestors," and closes his first volume, all that has yet been published, with a survey of Peruvian and Mexican music. It has been impossible with the space at our command to do more than hint at the various topics which are dealt with in this very interesting and learned work; but we feel certain that no one will feel that time has been wasted in reading it, and we look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the two volumes which will complete it.

*Music-Study in Germany* is a charming collection of letters written by a young American girl to her friends, giving her experiences while she is undergoing a course of musical training under some celebrated masters. Miss Fay's enthusiasm for each of her teachers in turn proves that she must have been a very pleasant pupil to instruct; and, although we may at times be amused at her hero-worship, we can in no way deny that she has much critical ability and a charming way of describing her heroes as they presented themselves to her. Tausig, Kullack, Liszt, and Deppe were her masters in succession, and to each are accorded Miss Fay's highest praises, which is all the more surprising because, after having worked with the first three for nearly four years, she discovers that the fourth master's method involves the unlearning, if we may use the word, of the methods of the other three. Whether Herr Deppe's system of pianoforte-playing is all that our enthusiastic author says it is must be left to those who are acquainted with it; but we cannot help admiring Miss Fay's artistic earnestness and genuine pluck in determining to undo all her four years' work at one stroke, and meekly "going back to first principles and beginning with five-finger exercises." This, after all, is about as heroic an action as ever we heard of; but it is evidently characteristic of the artist, who, an unprotected girl, had come over from America to get the very best instruction at whatever cost. To give an example of Miss Fay's powers of description, we give the following extract from a letter written from Berlin in 1873, which will be appreciated by those who know the two artists described as both just and lifelike. After having

\* *A History of Music.* By John Frederick Rowbotham. London: Tribner & Co.

*Music-Study in Germany.* By Amy Fay. London: Macmillan & Co.

*The Life and Works of Robert Schumann.* By August Reissmann. London: G. Bell & Sons.



told us of Liszt's and Joachim's personal appearance, she proceeds:—

Liszt never looks at his instrument; Joachim never looks at anything else. Liszt is a complete actor, who intends to carry away the public, who never forgets that he is before it, and who behaves accordingly. Joachim is totally oblivious of it. Liszt subdues the people to him by the way he walks on to the stage. He gives his proud head a toss, throws an electric look out of his eagle eye, and seats himself as much as to say, "Now I am going to do just what I please with you, and you are nothing but puppets." . . . Joachim, on the contrary, is the quiet gentleman-artist. He advances in the most unpretentious way; but, as he adjusts his violin, he looks his audience over with the calm air of a musical monarch, as much as to say, "I repose wholly on my art, and I've no need of any ways or manners." In reality I admire Joachim's principle the most; but there is something indescribably fascinating and subduing about Liszt's wilfulness. You feel at once that he is a great genius, and that you are nothing but his puppet, and somehow you take a base delight in the humiliation! The two men are intensely interesting, each in his own way, but they are extremes.

But Miss Fay's book is not a mere record of celebrated artists and music-masters. There is plenty of other matter of interest, such as descriptions of German society of all kinds, predictions (not always fulfilled) of the success of fellow-students, and accounts of pleasure-parties to places of interest, all narrated in a lively, perfectly natural style, with many touches of humour, which make the book thoroughly readable and interesting. We quite agree with Sir G. Grove, who has written a short preface to the volume, that it is surprising that the book has only recently made its appearance in England after having proved so great a success in America.

Another contribution to Schumann literature, which, as we have already pointed out, has become almost harassingly voluminous, is a translation of Herr August Reissmann's Life of the great musician. This work was produced in 1865, and has apparently waited some twenty years for its English form. It is perhaps one of the best of the many Lives of Schumann, for it deals, as the author says, with the "master's mental development as it is seen in his works," and "shows his great significance in the world of art and letters," and passes over the mere outward details of his life. As a concise guide to Schumann's musical works we do not know a more convenient little volume. The translation, which, as far as we can judge, is excellent, is the work of Mr. Abby Langdon Alger, from the third edition of the German.

#### EL GRAN CHACO.\*

THE author of this pleasant little book tells us that it is neither literary nor scientific, but a plain account of what he saw, or thought he saw, and of some of the feelings which he experienced in the Chaco in the discharge of his duties as an official of the Civil Engineers' Service in the Argentine Republic. The work is divided into three parts, the latter part being devoted to the language of the Mattaco Indians, and the whole contained within 360 pages of readable type. It is generally known that the Gran Chaco is a vast region in the heart of South America, its estimated area being considerably more than 400,000 square miles, and that the Bermejo River runs through the heart of the Chaco. It is in great measure one grand plain, sloping for the most part in a south-easterly direction, and is watered by the celebrated Pilcomayo, as well as the Bermejo and other tributary streams of the Paraguay. It is all included in the basin of La Plata. No part of the world has exasperated so much the modern commercial cupidity; its wealth in timber alone is amazing—"timber for all purposes, more than the whole of Europe possesses"—and is there not a lake of pitch, only 25 leagues from the confluence of the San Francisco and the Red Rivers, capable of yielding 2,000 gallons of petroleum a day? Its pastures surpass those of Australia. Five million head of cattle find abundance of food. No drought is ever dreaded to kill the kine or ruin the stockman. There is as much tobacco, *yerba-maté*, cotton, mandioca, and sugar-cane "as a man may shake a stick at"; while for fencing purposes, building sheep-folds and cattle-pens, there is the *bandubay*, unequalled in the world for quality and quantity. There are no mines of gold and silver, tin and copper, to turn men into demons or promote murder, although did not Rubin de Celis find native iron there exactly one hundred years ago? In flowers "our souls were refreshed by thousands of orange-trees all in bloom. Here also is the yellow-spiked *arome*, the jessamine clothing the *palo-santo* and the *guaycan* with its white mantle, the *amenti* of the *algarrobo*, which the Holy Fathers called St. John's Bread, with a thousand different kinds of *cactus*, some of which surpass in form and colour the white and red camellia. Some are pale yellow, others, again, have their calyx curved, containing the corolla which envelops a *populoso genecco*, in which the seeds are fertilized which afterwards fill the succulent figs." "This corner—Oran—is an absolute garden. The very atmosphere seems a poem, so fragrant is it with the scent of the gaggio, the *brea* (*sic*), the *chañar*, the thousand species of aromatic plants, the orange-tree, and with the flowers that enamel the meadows and bloom on the gigantic trees of the forest." *Brea*, it may be said in passing, is pitch; but it is possible that in this garden of orange-blossoms the smell of pitch would be agreeable. "Is it not poetry," exclaims il Signor Giovanni Pelleschi, "to admire the lovely hills and the well-

watered plain, the astonishing fertility of the soil, and the beneficent sun?" When Charles Blachford Mansfield visited this garden, now more than thirty years ago, his exclamation was, "Verily, the beneficent bounty of God is awful, and the idleness of man is ghastly." But there are drawbacks even in the Gran Chaco. "Only nine years ago a traveller bound northwards could have descried, a few miles beyond the tropics, a small but beautiful city, with wide streets, white houses, abundance of the ever-fruitful orange, numerous canals bringing crystal waters from the Cordillera, which conferred wealth and beauty on their owners." "Then, too, the cultivation of rice, sugar-cane, tobacco, banana-trees, and ever-verdant fields repaid the care of the inhabitants, whose labours were sweetened by the ceaseless song of birds, while the perfumed air, laden with a thousand sweet scents, invited all to delicious repose." No doubt. "But a sudden shock of earthquake shook everything to pieces." All is now a scene of hideous desolation. "The walls of dismantled houses, bare and split, offer a safe retreat for the amorous embraces of lizards and vipers" (p. 226). There are drawbacks of another kind. "There is plenty of *chargui*, a Chiccian (*sic*) word for meat dried in the sun, but bread is very scarce." "In the whole of the Chaco not a hundred sacks of grain is harvested" (p. 165). It is here that the "ghastly idleness of man" is seen. All that is needed is that the abounding water should be made the servant of man. At present it is his master. "How different," Darwin could not help exclaiming when he first saw this country some fifty-three years ago, "would have been the aspect if English colonists had, by good fortune, first sailed up the Plata! What noble towns would now have occupied its shores!" "The Gran Chaco is yet the empty cradle of a mighty nation; it must be the theatre of a new era in history." This was Mansfield's opinion in 1852. "The peasantry," he says in another place, "are a noble race." "In poor cottages in the country I have seen numerous children whom I should have supposed to be the offspring of some high-bred English family, with delicately cut features, rather long than broad, and hair as fair as any Saxon; among many of them I see reddish hair, quite Scotch"; and, again, "I am convinced that these people are to be a part of the hands by which English heads are to do wonders for civilizing the rich deserts of South America." It is on account of the deep interest taken in the Gran Chaco by Englishmen, both in Darwin's time and Mansfield's, that Signor Pelleschi's book is so valuable. What has taken place since then? Simply a devastation greater than that which followed the breaking up of the missions. For during this period the country has been at the mercy of the worst politicians that ever afflicted poor humanity with their pestilent and filthy dreams. Our author tells us:—"The Indians of the Chaco come into the harbour opposite the town of Corrientes in canoes rowed by their women. Women are the labourers of necessity in Paraguay on account of the destruction of the male population in the prolonged wars." This is the explanation. He adds, "Nearly all Indian women are ugly, and the men are repulsive." How could it be otherwise, especially if we take into consideration what the author subsequently tells us, "that there are many Christian convicts among the Indians who have escaped from Corrientes, Santiago, and Paraguay"? By "Christian convicts" he means the baptized scum of Spanish America. Another trouble, to use a phrase, is that, with the killing off of the men in revolutions, has come the increase of tigers. "The tiger of the Chaco is little inferior to his brethren of Africa, whether for ferocity, size, or beauty." "Every stock-master must be a tiger-hunter." This is the jaguar, the most cowardly, skulking, greedy, and agile of wild beasts, grown worse in consequence of the degradation of man in a country where nature, and not man, is master. And to sum up the drawbacks to be encountered in El Gran Chaco, "we came in a charming, grassy part of the country on two crosses, and a little further on a third pious memento of the murder of a captain and his crew who had tried to force their way through the Indians' lines; "and bidding adieu to the spot which afforded us so impressive a warning, we continued on our way." It would appear that "the poor Indian" is showing signs of a resurrection which are not to be found in any other part of the world. "He is taking to agriculture, and the growing of pumpkins, melons, and maize." "The whole of the Chaco may be said to be in the hands of Indians, who take every opportunity that offers of extirpating, not only all vestiges of the Christian faith, but Christians also. Let a holy father venture among them now, if he is not devoured by jaguars, he is slain by Indians." The largest of the tribes and the most fierce are the Guarini; they conquered the Chiriguano, destroying a hundred thousand of them—"they began by eating them, and afterwards they sold them to the Spaniards." The Tobas, or Tobayaras, come next. "One of the chiefs of this tribe was decorated by the King of Portugal with the *Order of Christ* for his services in the field."

The fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters, on war and the religion of the Indians, will be much regarded by students of anthropology. Had Signor Pelleschi's knowledge of the Spanish language been greater, his book would have been of more value, as doubtless he would have consulted that treasury of knowledge, the *Coleccion de obras y documentos por Pedro de Angelis*, published in 1836; nor would he have told us that *altricias* means "drink money," *vermejo* means "vermilion," or been surprised at one of his servants addressing his wife as *mi estimada Señora*, the natural rendering of which is nothing more than "my dear Missus."

\* *Eight Months on the Gran Chaco of the Argentine Republic.* By Giovanni Pelleschi. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

## MACKAY'S OLD SCOTS BRIGADE.\*

MR. JOHN MACKAY, (late) of Herriesdale, has done the work of a good clansman and a good Scot in publishing this little history of the gallant regiment raised by his namesake in the seventeenth century. He might have been even more frank in acknowledging his obligation to Colonel Robert Monro, and have said that his book is mainly a paraphrase of the narrative of that valiant soldier. Indeed, if everything was removed from these pages which is directly taken from *Monro: his Expedition*, very little would be left which anybody would care to read. We shall not, however, complain of Mr. Mackay on that point. Monro is very rare and hard to get at for the great majority of readers; and by making a part of his book easily accessible to all Mr. Mackay has done good service. He only claims to write for such as have a fondness for the side lights of history. They have, if they are persons of wholesome taste, every reason to be obliged to him, for the light in this case is turned on much good fighting and some immortal literature.

The stirring history of the regiment is very fairly condensed in Monro's own voluminous title-page. It was "called MacKeyes Regiment," and "levied in August 1626 by Sir Donald MacKey, Lord Rhes, Colonel, for his Majesties service of Denmark, and reduced after the Bataille of Nerling to one company in September 1634 at Wormes in the Paltz." Between 1628 and the fatal field of Nordlingen (Nerling, as Monro calls it) the corps served "first under the magnanimous King of Denmark, during the warres against the Emperour, afterwards under the Invincible King of Sweden, during his Majesties lifetime; and since under the Directour General the Rex-Chancellor Oxensterns, and his Generalls." Monro carries his narrative no farther; but the regiment lived, and even, in a kind of way, lives. The survivors of Nordlingen entered the service of Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, passed into the employment of France, and then through the Scotch Brigade in the Dutch army into the Royal Scots, the first of the line in the British army. But the history becomes colourless after the loss of Monro. In his hands it is a wonderful picture of the Thirty Years' War. He follows the regiment from its departure from Scotland down to the dreadful slaughter at Nordlingen. On the way he gives sketches of its first fight at Boitzenberg against Tilly's men, where there were Scots on both sides. "There was a Scottish gentleman under the enemy, who, coming to scale the walls, said aloud, 'Have with you, gentlemen; think not you are in the streets of Edinburgh, braving.' One of his owne countrymen thrusting him through the body with a pike, he ended there." He was prevailed upon to stop. Then comes the slaughter of a Scotch detachment at Bredenberg, afterwards dreadfully avenged when Frankfort-on-the-Oder was stormed. MacKey's men gave no quarter. There it was that Colonel Walter Butler's regiment of Irish excited the admiration of Monro by the splendid stand they made in the Imperialist ranks. "If all," he thought, "had stood to their defences as Lieutenant Colonel Butler did, and the Irish, Frankfort had not bin taken." We have heard of that fight elsewhere. The service of the Scots under the magnanimous King of Denmark was arduous and to them honourable, but it was always more or less unlucky. Christian was uniformly beaten by Tilly. Better things came with the siege of Stralsund, which, as Monro points out, had the extraordinary good fortune to be defended against Wallenstein by Scotch cavaliers. Henceforward the regiment formed part of Sir John Hepburn's brigade under the invincible King of Sweden. It fought at Leipzig, at the storm of Würzburg, and the passage of the Leck so hard that it was too much reduced in numbers to share in the battle of Lutzen. It is a pleasant little task to read Monro on these feats, and then turn to Defoe's *Cavalier*.

But there is another and a more famous tale which comes to the mind in turning over every page of the *Old Scots Brigade*. When Monro talks of "all worthy cavaliers favouring the laudable profession of arms," when he cheers a wounded brother officer by telling a strange tale about the second sight of Murdo MacClaude, when he sits down in wrath to write an "observation" on the folly of generals who meddle with a colonel's choice of officers because the Invincible King of Sweden had snubbed him for promoting a cousin unduly, we remember that Sir Walter had the "expedition" before him when he drew the immortal Dalgetty. Here, for instance, is just such a story as Rittmeister Dugald would have told with zest on a fitting occasion. Monro is describing a shipwreck, and goes on to tell how "in the very moment that our ship did break, there was a sergeant's wife a shipboard who without the helpe of any woman was delivered of a boy, which all the time of the tempest she carefully did preserve, and being come ashore the next day she marched neere foure English mile, with that in her armes which was in her belly the night before." A mother of soldiers. At times it is the voice of Dalgetty himself that we hear, for by our auld acquaintance Sergeant Bothwell. At the end of a disquisition on military punishments, Monro goes on to tell how "I was once made to stand in my younger yeares at the Louver gate in Paris, being then in the King's Regiment of the Guards passing my pretintship, for sleeping in the morning when I ought to have been at my exercise. For punishment I was made stand from eleven before noon to eight of the clock centry, armed with corselet,

headpiece, bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a hot summer's day, till I was weary of my life, which ever after made me the more strict in punishing those under my command." Mr. Mackay, who does not seem to recognize the quotation, comments on the words in italics to the effect that Monro's unpleasant experience should have made him more lenient to others. He has obviously not heard of Aufidienus Rufus, who "diu manipularis, dein centurio, mox castris prefectus, antiquam duramque militiam revocabat, vetus operis ac laboris, et eo immitior, quia toleraverat." But it is no severe blame to Mr. Mackay that he does not know mankind as well as Tacitus. He has written a very readable little book, he has thrown a "side light" on an heroic old world, he has revived the memory of a man who was a type of a wonderful race, and he has put us over and again in mind of Dalgetty. For all this we thank him, and are prepared to promise him our hearty approval if his piety to the memory of the Old Scots Brigade some day takes the form of editing a new edition of Monro's expedition.

## HORSEMANSHIP.\*

ON both sides of the Atlantic Mr. E. L. Anderson is recognized as a leading authority on what we believe it is correct to describe as the "high airs" of the school, and he labours with the diligence of an enthusiast to convince his readers that school riding is the only acceptable method of horsemanship. It is impossible to read a page in any of his books without recognizing the fact that this is a practical horsemanship speaking from long experience of an art which he has devotedly studied and practised, a very pretty art, moreover, in its way; yet we do not think that he will make many converts to his pet theory that nothing can be properly regarded as horsemanship except the performance of the *manège* rider on the schooled horse. Mr. Anderson is all for Continental methods. "Upon the Continent riding is looked upon as an art; in England every man thinks that he is born a horseman and scorns instruction." Now we do not for one moment mean to say that there are not many shockingly bad riders to be found in Rotten Row and elsewhere in this country; but at the same time there are in every English hunting-field many men and some women whom we can only regard as very admirable riders, though they may have no knowledge of Baucher's writings, and may never even have heard of Hünersdorf, Von Weyrother, Hamel, Seidler, or Gebhard. Much of what Mr. Anderson calls art many English riders would be apt to regard as trickery. This of course is precisely where Mr. Anderson protests that the English are wrong; it is their inability to perceive the value of Baucher's system which makes them such bad riders from the point of view of the *manège*. "The English are the boldest, and if they understood and followed good methods they would be the best, riders in Europe; but, with very few exceptions, they are awkward and unskilful in the management of their horses, and the latter are unbalanced, disunited, and badly controlled." This is the verdict.

But what is the test of good horsemanship? Here we are inclined to differ from Mr. Anderson, and assert that a man who holds his own throughout the season with a pack of hounds in a fairly stiff hunting country is a good horseman; for our author is "disposed to think that the less the influence of the hunting-field is felt the better it is for the art of horsemanship." "A man who can ride a horse in a gallop over a hedge is apt to think that there is nothing left in the art for him to learn," Mr. Anderson says; but we must urge that to hold one's own in the hunting-field day after day requires more than this mere ability. The man who is here really successful must have a strong seat, light hands, and that thorough community of feeling with his horse which enables each to help the other through the little difficulties—sometimes the big difficulties—that often occur in the course of a run. There are a score of other things to be considered beside the mere "riding a horse in a gallop over a hedge." The good rider controls the horse with the least possible expenditure of force; he sits firmly in the saddle, so yielding to the action that the animal feels his burden as little as may be. To all intents and purposes some 12-stone men ride lighter than many other 11-stone men; indeed, between the heavy, bumping rider and the man with a seat there is a far wider margin than this. Our rider knows where to choose his place in a fence, how to handle his horse, to make him take off in the right place, to help him and not interfere with him as he lands. To know at what pace to ride at a jump—it is not always "galloping at a hedge," for water, timber, doubles, and so on have to be crossed—is another consideration; in fact, in the course of a fast forty minutes the skill and adroitness of the rider is constantly put to the test, and him who holds his own under such circumstances day after day we call a horseman. Mr. Anderson does not agree with us, and so we can only agree to differ. What more is wanted than that the horse shall do his work with the greatest possible ease to himself and to his rider? We do not believe that Whyte-Melville had the least practical knowledge of the "high airs," but he most assuredly possessed the keenest sympathy with the animals he bestrode; they always seemed to reciprocate his sentiments and to do their best for him. Would Mr. Anderson have denied that Whyte-Melville was a horseman? Let him read

\* *An Old Scots Brigade; being the History of Mackay's Regiment, now incorporated with the Royal Scots.* By John Mackay, (late) of Herriesdale. London: Blackwood & Sons.

\* *Vice in the Horse; and other Papers on Horses and Riding.* By E. L. Anderson. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1886.

*Modern Horsemanship.* By E. L. Anderson. New and Revised Edition. Edinburgh: David Douglas.



Some very sensible remarks on "Shoeing and Saddle-Horses" are made. "The Test of Horsemanship" we have already discussed—it is here that we are not in accord with Mr. Anderson, for to teach a horse to do a great deal more than he will ever be set to do in the course of his natural career seems to us a waste of time. We must have our horses light in hand, but we do not want pirouettes, bolotades, piaffers, and other school movements.

\* *English and Foreign Philosophical Library.* Vols. XXVIII.—XXX. *The Guide of the Perplexed of Maimonides.* Translated from the Original and Annotated by M. Friedländer, Ph.D. 3 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1885.

1861, 1866). A melancholy interest attaches to it. In his "preface" Munk describes how the project of this publication had been announced so early as 1833; how he had striven to obtain correct and complete texts, and finally succeeded so far as Part I. was concerned by collating the MSS. in the Bodleian Library; and how for the other two Parts he had been indebted to the liberality of the curators of the Leyden library. Then when, after years of difficulties, he had at last set himself to the execution of his task, "Providence had visited" him "with the severest trial that could come to paralyse a writer"—the total loss of his eyesight. But so far from being turned aside from his purpose, "he saw even in those new difficulties" which he would have to overcome "a diversion from his great sorrow," hoping "by dint of perseverance to derive comfort from the small literary remnants saved from the shipwreck." Yet how nobly Munk fulfilled his task, helped by willing younger friends, every Oriental student knows. And we have quoted his words not only as a monument of his indomitable courage and industry, but also as a noble testimony to the modesty of that great scholar, forcibly contrasting as it does with the constant self-assertion of some who, with very small literary capital, drive a large trade by the praise of their own wares and the depreciation of those of others.

It was not easy for Dr. Friedländer to follow in the wake of Munk. But he has performed his work in a manner to secure the hearty acknowledgment of students. The translation—if not so classical as the French of Munk, and indeed too often somewhat obscure—is excellent, and the notes are copious, accurate, and instructive. Coming after Munk, Dr. Friedländer has even been able in some instances to make corrections upon his predecessor. It cannot be our object here to give an outline of the "Guide of the Perplexed," as now rendered accessible to English readers. An attempt may, however, be made to indicate its purpose and some of its leading ideas. The *Moreh Nebukhim* is the last of the three great works of Maimuni, of which the first two may be described as chiefly dogmatical. To English students the first of these works is probably the best known, not only because portions of it are translated in Pocock's *Porta Mosis*, but because its substance is inserted as the notes of Maimonides in the well-known edition of the Mishnah by Surenhusius. The work itself, which had occupied its author since his twenty-third year, and during all his wanderings, as well as while outwardly professing Mohamedanism, was completed at Fostat (Old Cairo) in 1168. Originally it was written in Arabic under the title of *Kitab al-Siraj*, "Enlightening," and it had for its object such annotation of the Mishnah as might either render the study of the Gemara unnecessary, or else prepare for it. Needless to say, it also contained the expression of Maimuni's own views, to which reference will presently be made. The work was translated into Hebrew by several scholars. Besides its general, it has this special interest, that it contains what may be described as the Jewish Confession of Faith in thirteen articles (*apud* Surenh. vol. iv. pp. 263, 264). The second great work of Maimonides was what is known as *Mishneh Torah*, or *Yad ha-chazakah*. It consists of an Introduction and fourteen books, and is written in pure and beautiful Hebrew. To say that it is a compendium of the Talmud scarcely gives an adequate idea of what is not only the greatest production of Maimonides, but in that department the greatest work existing. It arranges the vast material scattered in the Talmud, and presents it in most lucid form—although naturally from the standpoint of Maimonides—embodying also the results of the whole previous literature. The work was begun in 1170, and completed on the 7th of November, 1180. The philosophical treatise known as the "Guide of the Perplexed," now translated into English, is in one aspect of it quite different from those two dogmatical works. It is, indeed, true that even in his great Talmudical work Maimuni had "philosophized." This, especially, in the first of the books of which it is composed (the *Sepher Mada*). For philosophy was to be introduced into the Talmud, and all such studies occupied in his view the same level as that of Rabbinic Law. In the language of a Jewish historian—"Aristotle had a place assigned to him by the side of the Doctors of the Talmud." But in the "Guide of the Perplexed" the avowed object of Maimonides was to combine Judaism with Aristotelian philosophy, or rather to show the identity of the two. The source of both was equally the Divine spirit. Indeed, besides what is generally considered as revealed by God, Moses had also received from on high philosophical instruction that had been orally transmitted, and was found scattered in the utterances of prophets and Talmudic teachers. It were difficult to say which is more extraordinary, the idea of finding Aristotle in the Talmud or the system which resulted from this strange combination. On every side we are startled by what must have sounded as rankest heresy in orthodox Jewish ears. Thus we are told that it is altogether improper to ascribe to the Deity attributes of any kind. The *cosmos* was the idea of God translating themselves into objective reality. Maimonides rejects, indeed, the eternity of matter, but only because there was not sufficient proof of it; else, he assures us, he would have had no difficulty in reconciling it with the language of Scripture. The *cosmos* consisted of a series of different essences. Supreme among them, and partaking most of the Divine nature, were the four groups of angels, subordinate to each other, and standing in the relation of cause and effect. Among them there must have been one who was productive of ideas. This was the world-spirit, or "productive reason." The next series consisted of those ethereal essences, the heavens and

the stars, which were to be regarded as instinct with life and intelligence. They were arranged in four successive spheres—sun and moon being the lowest—which determined, ruled, and influenced all beneath them in the visible world of elements, which again consisted of four successive spheres. In truth, all changes observable in the world were due to these intelligent bodies; and the Deity was not in any direct communication with it, but far separate and in absolute and eternal rest. Coming to more practical questions, prophecy and inspiration were not what was generally supposed, but the influence of productive reason upon the imagination when properly developed. What we read in Scripture about the prophets represented, not outward facts, but inward states of the mind. Prophecies were always a kind of dreams. The only exception to this was in the case of Moses. The sacrifices of the Old Testament were only an accommodation to the then standpoint of the Jews, to their weakness; the Levitical laws intended to inculcate proper reverence; the laws concerning food chiefly sanitary. Nor did Maimonides hold the absolute immortality of the soul. The soul was merely the capacity of rising up to God. If it had fulfilled its purpose, it would win for itself immortality; otherwise the soul would perish with the body. Manifestly there was no room here for the doctrine of the resurrection. Yet from his Jewish standpoint Maimonides was obliged not only to maintain, but also specially to defend it against those of his opponents who urged against him what undoubtedly were the logical consequences of his system. For similar reasons he had to defend the Jewish doctrine of a personal Messiah, to whom he assigned, however, only the character of a national deliverer. And yet, while bitterly condemning those who calculated the time of his advent, Maimonides himself ventured on the prediction of the year 1216 as that of the beginning of the Messianic era.

More than this bare indication of some of the leading ideas intended to "guide the perplexed" would obviously be out of place. In grouping them together we have not exclusively confined ourselves to this one tractate. We need not particularly refer to the extraordinary notions occasionally advanced in his treatises on physical, as well as philosophical, questions. As already stated, the system was not novel. We recall the similar speculations of Philo, developed with much more ingenuity and consistency, and much farther reaching in their influence. Nor had Maimonides been without immediate predecessors in the Jewish world. But what distinguishes him from all others was the attempt systematically to combine all this with that Talmudism which seemed so absolutely antagonistic to it. We can scarcely wonder that it provoked the bitterest hostility on the part of the orthodox, to whom, however, Maimonides replied in language occasionally not less acrimonious, if not more so, than that which they had employed.

We have not left ourselves space to follow the account of the life of Maimonides, with which Dr. Friedländer has prefaced his translation. We refer to it only to express regret that loyalty to a venerated Jewish name should have induced him to undertake a task so impossible as the denial of Maimuni's temporary profession of Islam under the stress of persecution. Few historical facts are more fully established than this, as well as the genuineness of the epistle in which he tried to vindicate for himself and others the lawfulness of such a step (*Iggereth ha-Shemad*, or also *Maamar Qiddush ha-Shem*). Whatever may be said by apologists in palliation of this humiliating episode in the life of so great a man, can scarcely be extended to the sophistry of his argumentation in defence of it. But they were times of fiercest persecution, and, as Maimonides himself argued, every one had not the courage nor the perseverance of a martyr. If, therefore, impartial history will not endorse the extravagant lines addressed to Maimonides by Charizi—

An Angel of God art Thou,  
In image of God created,  
If human lineament Thou bearest,  
Yet God spake it of Thee:  
In my likeness I'll make man—

yet, in view of his immense Jewish learning and of his works, we can understand the common Jewish saying, "From Moses [the law-giver] to Moses [Maimonides] there was none like him."

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY AUTOTYPES.\*

IN these new *fasciculi* of transcripts in autotype from originals at Trafalgar Square the English school is capably represented. The popular element is well to the front, it is true. Here, for instance, is Wilkie's "John Knox's Sermon" (894), as spotty and broken and theatrical as in paint; here is a version of Ward's "South-Sea Bubble" (432), which is, on the whole, an improvement on the picture; here, with the technical faults of the original well dissembled, are Landseer's "High Life" and "Low Life" (410); and here—perhaps a little ashamed of its company—is a highly satisfactory translation of Leslie's pleasant "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman" (403). It is a relief to turn from work of this sort to a faultless rendering of Lawrence's lovely "Mrs. Siddons" (785), which should grace the portfolio or the wall of everybody interested in good portraiture or in the story of the English stage; to that haunting "Dr. Johnson" (887) of the

\* *Galerie Nationale de Londres*. Livraisons IV<sup>e</sup>, IV<sup>b</sup>. Paris and Dornach: Braun. London: The Autotype Company. 1886.



great President, which, in its combination of human character and artistic style, stands at the head of English portraiture; and, by way of contrast, to a wonderful autotype of Hogarth's sturdy and aggressive presentment of himself and his dog (112). Nor are we a whit less fortunate in landscape. Of the classic Turner we have a good example in the "Palace and Bridge of Caligula" (512), a reproduction that fairly takes rank with Messrs. Braun's achievements in the translation of Claude Lorraine. It may be compared to advantage with a romantic Turner, the famous "Shipwreck" (476), which is not nearly so successful. The Constable, "Willy Lott's House" (327), is superbly rendered; the original is a trifle restless and spotty, and the fault, as was inevitable, is plain in the copy; but, apart from this, there is nothing to be said in its disadvantage, and everything in its praise; it makes us hope that Messrs. Braun will include in their scheme the historical "Haywain" which Mr. Vaughan has just presented to the nation. As good in its way is the Gainsborough (109), a picture of singular elegance and romance, which is presented in a transcript of singular dignity and charm. In work of this sort, it has to be admitted, the process is unapproachable. It gives us all—or nearly all—we can expect; and, save for the superfluous high lights for which it is sometimes made responsible, it offers nothing we could wish away.

The French fare but poorly. There is nothing of Claude, nothing of the noble painter of Les Andelys, nothing of Gaspar Poussin; only a striking, if somewhat mannered and prosaic, "Portrait d'Homme" (660), ascribed to François Clouet, and one of those mythological subjects, a "Pan and Syrinx" (1090), in which the triumphant Boucher was wont to show his technical mastery. The masters of the Netherlands are in better case. We have nothing of Rubens but the dubious "Rape of the Sabines" (38), which is a good deal less pleasing and impressive in black and white and on a small scale than in colour and the original size, and which we could have spared some forty times over for the immortal "Château Stein." Van Dyck is represented by a good, but languid and somewhat affected, portrait of his master (49); Hobbema by a "Village avec Moulins" (832), which is a masterpiece of reproduction; Rembrandt by an "Adoration" (47), which is perhaps as satisfactory as possible, but assuredly is not satisfactory enough; and Roger Van der Weyden by a rendering of his "Entombment" (664), which gives as much of the original as photography can compass, and should be quoted wherever good, honest translation is applauded and admired. Among the Spaniards the only painter chosen for reproduction is—not Velasquez, whose "Philip IV." is yet to come—but Murillo, whose charming "Holy Family" (13) is presented in a copy of great merit. The lights are, perhaps, a little higher than they need have been; but Murillo shines by his sentiment, and the sentiment of his "Holy Family" is preserved in full.

As always, the Italian masters are the best represented and the most splendidly conspicuous. The fine "Family Group" (1047) of Lorenzo Lotto has been illuminated overmuch; in the "Saint Sebastian" (292) of Pollajuolo the new lights are as broken as the old composition; the "Family of Darius" (294) of Paul Veronese appears impossible in photography, the second subject of Pinturicchio's "Griselda" (913) at least unadvisable. But, on the other hand, there are here such transcripts—the superb "St. Helena" (1041) of Veronese, Raphael's incomparable "Pope Julius II." (27), the "Ariosto" (636) and the "Rape of Ganymede" (32) of Titian, the "Noli me Tangere" (639) of Mantegna, and, above all, the romantic and affecting "Portrait of the Painter" (690) by Andrea del Sarto—as seem to us difficult to surpass. Not one of these but is satisfactory in almost every point; not one but brings the qualities of the original nearer home to us than could be done by aught save the originals themselves; not one but should be popular, not only among artists, but with the general public. Again, the extraordinary "Assumption" (1126) of Sandro Botticelli is as well and thoroughly suggested as could be done in so small a space; the "Archangel Michael" (2884) of Perugino, from the left-hand compartment of the triptych, should prove invaluable to students; a Signorelli, the "Triumph of Chastity" (910), should be found in every educational collection in the country. The Michael Angelo, the "Entombment" (790), is perhaps touched here and there with a certain falseness of effect. It is accurate enough, however, for study and comparison, and, with certain reservations, may be warmly commended.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

FRENCH books on England are nearly always amusing; a statement which will probably, if M. Narjoux (1) sees it, confirm him more than ever in the idea stated rather plaintively in his preface, that it is quite useless to try to make an Englishman give up his good conceit of himself. M. Narjoux has "done" England very conscientiously, and with the strictest determination to spare never a generalization. He describes the English house with the minuteness of an engineer's sketch of an enemy's fortification, and incidentally vouchsafes the information that such a house can be got "dans le quartier de Guild'ball" for a hundred or a hundred and twenty pounds a year. As we never had the honour of knowing any person, except the Lord Mayor, who abode "dans le quartier de Guild'ball," we cannot say that M. Narjoux is wrong. A little later the English *père*

*de famille* will be glad to hear that after dinner he still "boit le plus souvent outre mesure," that "Mrs. Crowshay" has some curious ideas on domestic service, and that the reason why we have such small pieces of bread at dinner is that the soil of Great Britain is unfavourable to the growth of wheat. Therefore bread is very dear with us, while meat is very cheap; facts which, of course, no British housekeeper will dispute. And so M. Narjoux continues with an infinity of statements equally precise and equally accurate about "Gaity's Theatre," and the terrible "Mac Lends" of the Hebrides, and another sept, reduced but powerful, in Skye, yclept "Mac Archi," and the custom of putting plenty of rum in your tea when you are staying in a country house, and so forth. Let it be added, with a somewhat different intention, that the book is illustrated with an abundance of small but spirited sketches of heads and figures.

It is almost enough to say that M. Henri Joly's popular treatise on comparative psychology (2) obtained an Academic *couronne*, and that it has passed into a second edition. It is well written and intelligently thought out.

The last volume of M. de Bourgoing's *Diplomatic History of Europe during the Revolution* (3) is only a fragment, the author having died before completing any but a small part of it. What appears, however, was fully prepared for press, and is ushered in by the Duke de Broglie with a short preface.

The author of *Fifteen Months of Liberal Government in Roumania* (4) is very much dissatisfied with the condition of his country and we sympathize with him very sincerely. Whether he would not have done more wisely to state his case in a form somewhat more adapted to a hasty age than that of an octavo volume of four hundred rather unusually large pages is a question which his readers will probably answer each for himself. The history of the small and rather artificial States which the nineteenth century has amused itself with creating is certainly a subject by no means uninteresting and by no means unimportant.

If the French army is not brought into a satisfactory condition, it certainly will not be for the want of volunteer counsellors. Colonel Stark's (5) title explains his own pet subject of counsel.

We are glad to chronicle a fourth edition of M. Maspero's handy, learned, and most useful *History of the Peoples of the East* (6).

M. de Vaujany's book on Lower Egypt (7) is based apparently on careful observation, and has some good illustrations and maps. But it is couched in rather an awkward form, being rather a series of dictionary articles than a book. This makes it convenient for reference, but inconvenient for reading.

Buyers of that very pretty collection, the *Petite bibliothèque littéraire*, may be glad to know that *Numa Roumestan* (8) is its latest recruit. Mr. Henry James once committed himself, we believe, to an estimate of *Numa Roumestan* which would have been rather high for *Tom Jones* or *Esmond*. It is in M. Daudet's late bad manner; but nothing that he does, even in that manner, is worthless.

We do not think that M. Ph. Gerfaut has done credit to his name in the *Pensées d'un sceptique* (9). Though sometimes neatly expressed, they are, as a rule, commonplace in substance, and not unfrequently mere platitudes. There once was a Gerfaut (he had a friend named Marillac) who would have done something much better in this kind. It is, perhaps, unfortunate for the book that it appears in the same series with, and therefore reminds the reader of, the really good *Maximes* of "Comtesse Diane."

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE is no class of books so generally unsatisfactory as that which includes all manner of replies, refutations, and the like. Prejudice there may be, bias there must be, whenever a too-comprehensive refutation is attempted, as it is in Dr. Cockburn's "reply" to Professor Drummond, *The Laws of Nature and the Laws of God* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). This little book is undoubtedly interesting, though it is hard to imagine how it may greatly profit readers of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. It leaves not a little of the disagreeable impression, common enough in polemics, that truth must necessarily inspire a writer who is deeply convinced of the error of his opponent. This may be due to nothing but unconscious dogmatism, yet Dr. Cockburn certainly does not seem to recognize how diverse and many may be the aspects of truth, though truth is one and indivisible in essence. In his opening chapter he refers to the "thoroughly Christian spirit" of Professor Drummond's book, and then proceeds to dissemble his admiration very effectually

(2) *L'homme et l'animal*. Par Henri Joly. Deuxième édition. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Histoire diplomatique de l'Europe*. Par F. de Bourgoing. Troisième partie. Tome quatrième. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(4) *Quinze mois de régime libéral en Roumanie*. Paris: Nouvelle Revue.

(5) *Service de deux ans*. Par le Colonel Stark. Paris: Ghio.

(6) *Histoire ancienne des peuples de l'Orient*. Par G. Maspero. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *Alexandrie et la basse Egypte*. Par H. de Vaujany. Paris: Plon.

(8) *Numa Roumestan*. Par A. Daudet. Petite bibliothèque littéraire. Paris: Lemerre.

(9) *Pensées d'un sceptique*. Par Ph. Gerfaut. Paris: Ollendorff.

(1) *En Angleterre*. Par Félix Narjoux. Paris: Plon.

by seeking to prove its anti-Christian tendency. At the outset the writer's dual conception of the natural and spiritual man is utterly opposed to Professor Drummond's. From this radical antagonism it follows that Dr. Cockburn needlessly elaborates the inevitable consequences; for, if the fallacy of Professor Drummond's fundamental thesis be proved, it were superfluous to demonstrate the falsity of his superimposed argument. That proof, however, cannot be said to be established by arguments drawn from the teachings of revealed religion, save only in the cases of those who accept those teachings; hence Dr. Cockburn's reply possesses more of protest than refutation. It so far fails to traverse Professor Drummond's work as to be but as a tangent to a sphere, while its rigid limitations render impossible anything like full consideration of the wide field of reasoning. What it does effect is the exposure of certain inconclusive analogies of Professor Drummond. Every dispassionate inquirer knows how frequently a line of reasoning, bright with the promise that truth is its goal, may eventually lead to dubious and even irrational conclusions if logically pursued. Such instances in Professor Drummond's book are analysed with considerable skill by Dr. Cockburn. Yet even here he is not always convincing. Dissenting from the theory of man, that "he is endowed simply with a higher quality of the animal life," Dr. Cockburn observes "Death can only be predicated of something that has been living," hence Professor Drummond's analogy of the dead crystal and the natural man dead to spiritual influences is false. Surely it may be accurately said of a man deaf and blind from birth that his senses are dead, even though they never existed. Again, Dr. Cockburn stigmatizes as "nonsense" Professor Drummond's parallel of the loss of an organ in animals through neglect or disuse, and the dwindling of the soul in man through the same cause. To this Dr. Cockburn objects that neglect does not diminish the spiritual nature. "The unregenerated man is constantly exercising his soul" (p. 38), and may even develop it into fiendish proportions. Here the author appears to unify his dual conception of the animal organization and the spiritual nature of man, for it cannot be admitted that the worker of wickedness exercises his spiritual nature.

The first part of Vol. II. of Mr. Henry Dunning Macleod's treatise, *The Elements of Economics* (Longmans & Co.), deals with several questions of peculiar interest at the present time when the wildest theories of rent and wages are ventilated in high places. Especially opportune is the author's exposure of the popular fallacy that working-men create wealth and that the *droit au travail* is a sound principle. Effective, also, is his criticism of Mill's views on capital and credit, though he is sometimes a little too sweeping in condemning the inconsistencies of Adam Smith and his school—e.g. pp. 191, 192. Here the apparent absurdity of the second quotation is greatly modified by the context, which illustrates an exception to the rule that the rate of wages is regulated by the price of provisions. Other instances may be found in *Six Centuries of Work and Wages* (Sonnenschein & Co.), by Professor Thorold Rogers, a new edition of which, revised and in one volume, is before us.

The Rev. James Wood's new edition of *Nuttall's Standard Dictionary* (Warne & Co.) is a great advance on the edition of 1870. Instead of 80,000 references, it now includes 100,000, and among these we find such typical coinages as "boycott" and "crofter," together with many French words, as *bouilli*, that have no claim to a place in an English dictionary. The small woodcuts appended to architectural terms are useful, and another new and necessary feature are the derivations.

That knowledge is the child of ignorance is as strange a mythological invention as any in the whole range of poetry; yet this paradox is cleverly, if somewhat roughly, developed in Mr. Edward Carpenter's readable little essay, *Modern Science: a Criticism* (John Heywood). The more absolute the ignorance, the more exact the science—this is the conclusion at which Mr. Carpenter arrives.

The robust eloquence of the oration which *Æschines* directed nominally against Ctesiphon, virtually at Demosthenes, is rendered into vigorous English by Mr. John Edgar, in his version *Æschines against Ctesiphon* (Edinburgh: Thin). The introduction forms an excellent preparation for the reader.

The romance of history has seldom been more judiciously, and at the same time more sympathetically, adapted to the young than in *Children's Stories in American History*, by Henrietta Christian Wright (Bickers & Son). The title is a little misleading, for the gallant exploits of Columbus and the Cabots, of Cortez and Pizarro, belong to the world's history. This is a small matter, and need not disturb the patriotism of little boys or girls. The author's style is pleasant, and her paraphrases of Prescott and Marco Polo could not be bettered.

We have received *Songs and Verses*, by Jane Isabella Stuart (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Twilight Shadows*, by R. M. E. A. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); the Rev. J. Hunter's *Beginnings in Book-keeping* (Longmans & Co.); the second edition of *Poems*, by the Hon. Pauline E. Cranston (Bickers & Son); the second edition of Mr. Douglas Sladen's *A Poetry of Exiles* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); the second edition of the Rev. W. Hillier's *Christianity, Science, and Infidelity* (Nisbet & Co.); and Ellis's *Irish Education Directory* for 1886 (Dublin: Ponsonby).

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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